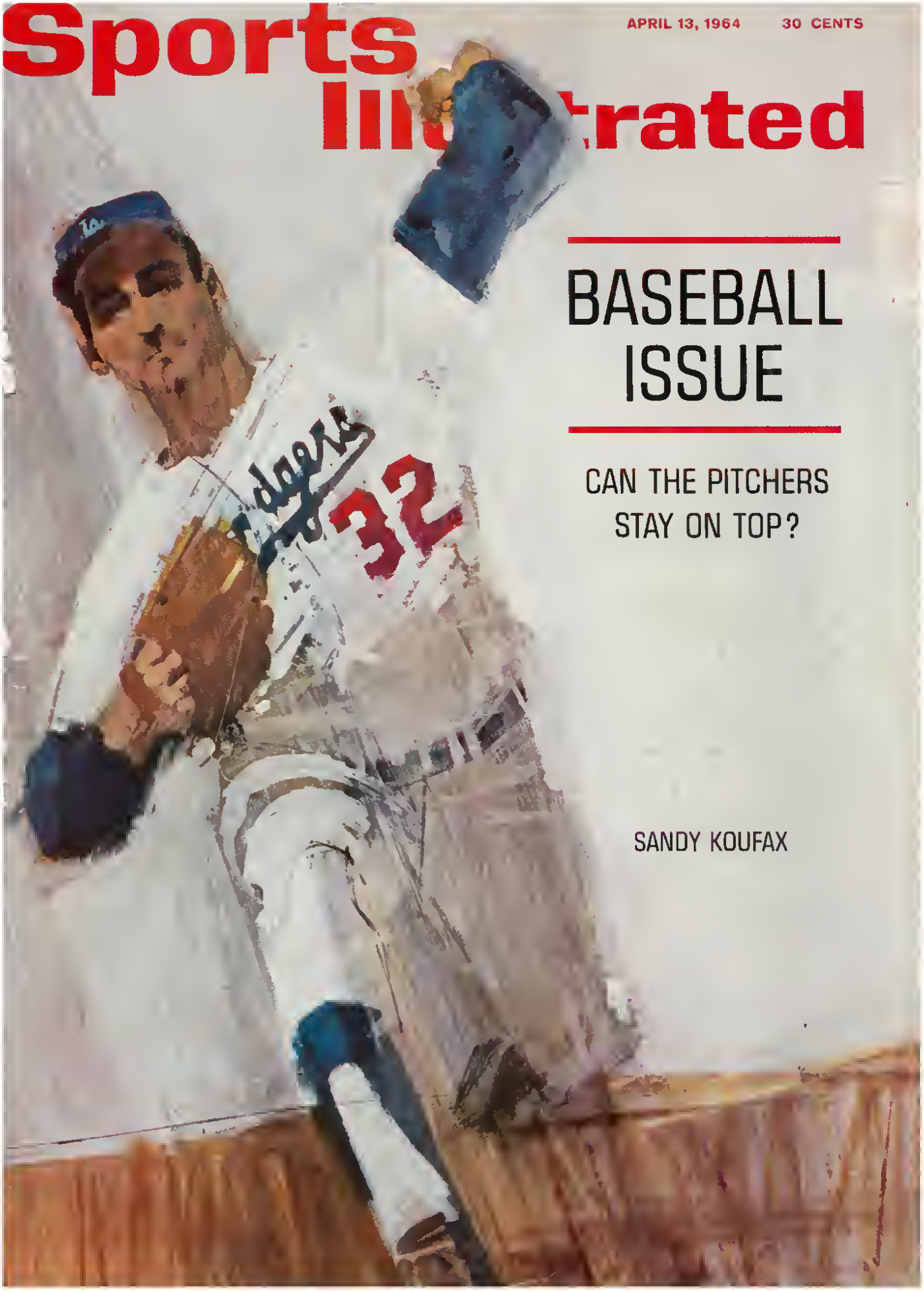
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 13, 1964 30 CENTS



BASEBALL ISSUE

CAN THE PITCHERS STAY ON TOP?

SANDY KOUFAX

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.

SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree. some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

The quick brown fox has met his master

The speed of an electric portable typewriter . . . and only Smith-Corona makes one!

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GENERAL TIRE

THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

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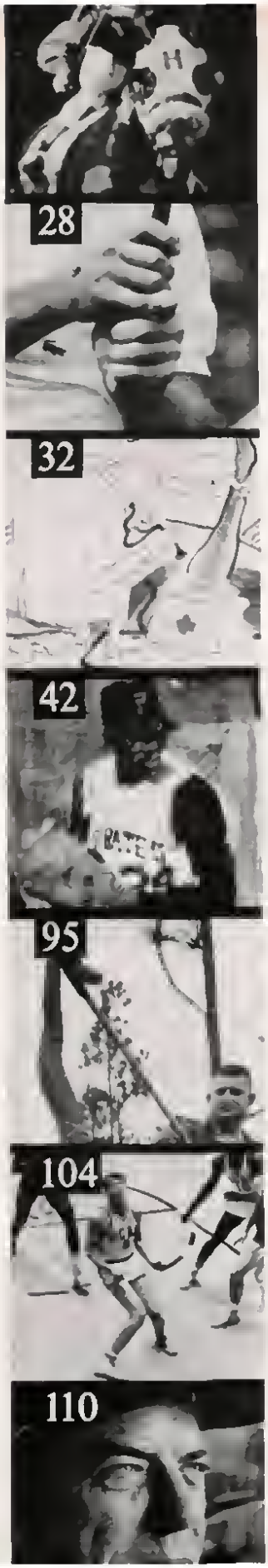

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Next week

THE MASTERS gets another champion, and Alfred Wright reports on how the spring season's biggest golf tournament was won—and lost—with color photographs of the action.

GORGEOUS GIRLS who can also run make up a Texas track club that is a fashion pacesetter—and good enough to have some of its members in contention for the Olympic team.

NEW YORK SPORTS that few World's Fair visitors will see are the games of the city's kids. A portfolio of photographs shows them; Gilbert Rogin, a native son, describes them.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Nothing is certain in April but baseball and taxes—and both involve D-days for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers between now and next Wednesday. This magazine will not undertake to help you with April 15 tax calculations (though from independent readership studies we estimate the 3.7 million U.S. families that read SI will pay the Feds more than $5 billion on personal income of $37 billion). But as the major league baseball season opens next week we are ready with some guidelines to a perennial April question. How are the (fill in the name of your favorite club) going to do this year?

Our baseball staff has watched all 20 major league teams in spring training and has produced 32 pages of Scouting Reports on the subject in this issue. Our assessment of each club concludes with an "outlook" passage. Some outlooks will surprise baseball fans, some will not.

Can you guess which teams are referred to in these samples?

OUTLOOK: Once more pitching must pull the - - - - - - - along, and strange things often happen to pitchers.

OUTLOOK: The - - - - - - - are solid in every way. The pennant should be a breeze.

OUTLOOK: The same as in Mudville.

OUTLOOK: Excellent fielding, strong hitting, better than average pitching give the - - - - - a good chance to win.

You can check your guesses by glancing at pages 52, 53, 73 and 84.

•

Outlooks aside, the fine April fact is that baseball is back, whether in Pennantville or Mudville, and its color and movement are here for all to see. To catch some of this in advance of Opening Day 1964, Artist Bernard Fuchs toured Midwest cities last year, lugging his camera. Back at his Westport, Conn. studio this winter, Bernie Fuchs translated his film and his recollections into a series of dramatically compressed instants in paint; one of them is shown on our cover and others on pages 43 to 48. The unifying element that Fuchs selected for his series was one of baseball's classic situations: the count is three balls and two strikes.

Fuchs has appeared before in SI, notably with his portfolios on the Masters (SI, April 3, 1961) and the Indianapolis "500" (SI, May 28, 1962). This is his first appearance as an articulator of baseball. A southern Illinois boy from O'Fallon, near St. Louis, Bernie was a rooter for the Cardinals until 1940—the year they traded Ducky Medwick to Brooklyn. That made him a Dodger fan. Since his assignment for SI, Bernie has become a Detroit rooter. Why? Al Kaline. "He is so great he deserves to get into a World Series." There is more than a little of Kaline in the idealized outfielder on page 48.

PAINTER BERNIE FUCHS GOT READY FOR OPENING DAY A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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E2

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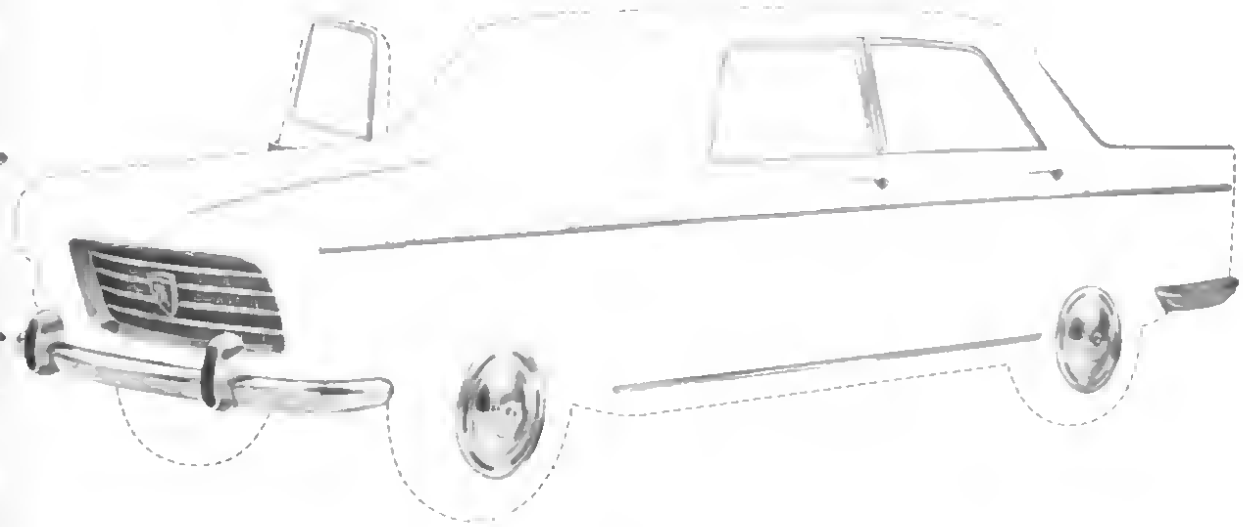

(it's indestructible)

Peugeot doesn't go in for trim for its own sake. What trim there is has a definite function. And what trim there is, is stainless steel, because it lasts far longer than chrome. That includes bumpers, grill, body trim and wheel covers. They'll all last indefinitely.

Peugeot has earned a nickname over the years that we're proud of. The Indestructible. Although we don't agree that anything is indestructible, it's a fact that the oldest car now running in America is an 1891 Peugeot. Actually, that isn't too surprising, because Peugeot still builds cars on the theory that they should last—and last, and last. That's why Peugeot insists on test driving every single car it builds. That's why Peugeot checks every part that goes into its cars, down to and including nuts and bolts. Time consuming? Expensive? Yes, but that's the only way Peugeot cares to operate.

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(Say Pooj-oh)

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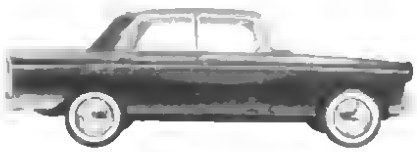

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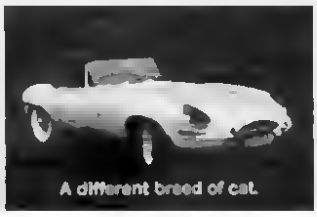
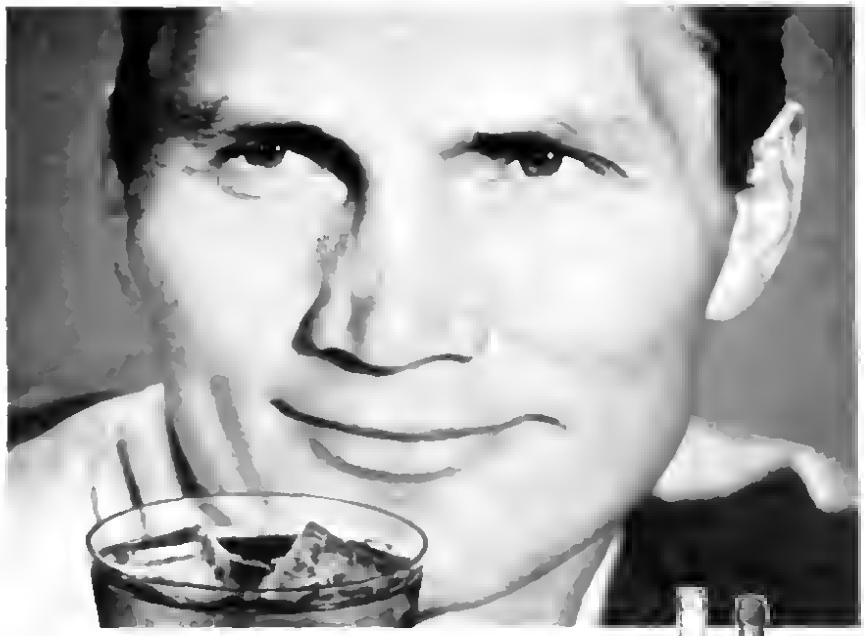
In its January issue, "Car and Driver" magazine asked its readers to vote for their favorite automobiles, from economy sedan to best all-round car. All domestic and imported makes were included ■ Highlights of the poll □ The Jaguar XK-E was picked as the best all-round car—"for fun, for performance, for utilitarian daily use"—with nearly twice the vote of its closest rival □ The XK-E picked up another first as best grand touring sports car in the $3,000-$6,000 range □ The Jaguar 3.8 sedan drove off with the honors as best luxury compact □ Jaguar was the only car-maker to take three firsts in the poll ■ Discover the unique performance and luxury features behind this remarkable success. See and drive the Jaguar XK-E, new 3.8 "S" or Mark X luxury sedan (If you're going to Europe, inquire about Jaguar's money-saving Overseas Delivery Plan.) There are Jaguar dealers coast to coast. Jaguar Cars Inc., New York 22, N. Y.



A different breed of cat.



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DOG SHOWS

Events in the East through May 31

APRIL 11 Twin Brooks Kennel Club, Inc. (benched), National Guard Armory, West Orange, N J

APRIL 12 Capital City Cocker Club, Montgomery County Agricultural Center, Gaithersburg, Md. Rhode Island Kennel Club, Rhodes-on-the Pawtuxet, Cranston, R I. Camden County Kennel Club, Inc (benched), Garden State Park, Merchantville, N J

APRIL 16 Shawnee Kennel Club, Inc, Winchester Recreation Park, Winchester, Va

APRIL 17 Great Dane Club of Metropolitan Washington, Montgomery County Agricultural Center, Gaithersburg, Md. Greenspring Poodle Club, Eastpoint Community Hall, Baltimore, Md. Irish Wolfhound Club of America, Glengyle Farm, Aldie, Va Potomac Basset Hound Club, Dunn Loring Firehouse, Dunn Loring, Va Potomac Boxer Club, Post Gymnasium, Fort Myer, Arlington, Va

APRIL 18 Collie Club of New Hampshire, Armory, Nashua, N.H Old Dominion Kennel Club of Northern Virginia, Municipal Stadium, Route 41 & 1 Monroe Ave, Alexandria, Va

APRIL 19 Baltimore County Kennel Club, Inc (benched), Timonium Fairgrounds, Timonium, Md Collie Club of Maine, Inc Westbrook Armory, Westbrook, Me

APRIL 20 Harford County Kennel Club, Bel Air Race Track, Bel Air, Md

APRIL 25 Wilmington Kennel Club, Inc., Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

APRIL 26 Penn Treaty Kennel Club, Sun Oil Employees Athletic Field, Feltonville, Pa.

MAY 2 Bucks County Kennel Club, War Memorial Field, Doylestown, Pa

MAY 3 Trenton Kennel Club, Inc (benched), Trenton Artillery Armory, Trenton, N J

MAY 9 Chester Valley Kennel Club, Ludwigs Corner Horse Show Grounds, Ludwigs Corner, Pa., Springfield Kennel Club, Inc (benched), Eastern States Exposition Grounds, West Springfield, Mass

MAY 10 Lancaster Kennel Club, Inc, Lancaster County Riding Club, Lancaster, Pa Windham County Kennel Club, Inc, Recreation Park, Willimantic, Conn

MAY 15 Poodle Club of America, Inc., Garden City Hotel, Garden City, N Y

MAY 16 Ladies Kennel Association of America (benched), Garden City Hotel, Garden City, N Y., Tri-State Kennel Association, Inc, Oglebay Park, Wheeling, W Va.

MAY 17 Long Island Kennel Club (benched), Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, N.Y., Upper Potomac Valley Kennel Club, National Guard Armory, Frostburg, Md

MAY 22 Cocker Spaniel Club of New Jersey, Inc., Ryland Inn, White House, N J

MAY 23 Butler County Kennel Club, Inc., Jefferson Inn, Saxonburg, Pa, Monmouth County Kennel Club (benched), Monmouth Park Race Track Annex, Oceanport, N J

MAY 30 Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club, Inc, Huntingdon & Edgehill Roads, Huntingdon Valley, Pa., Ladies' Dog Club, Stigmatine Fathers Juniorate, Elm Bank, Wellesley, Mass

MAY 31 Delaware County Kennel Club, Inc, Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa. Framingham District Kennel Club, Inc (benched), Bowditch Field, Framingham, Mass.

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POINT OF FACT

A Wood Memorial quiz to stimulate memories and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

? *When was the Wood Memorial first run?*

• The inaugural meeting was held in 1925 at Jamaica Race Course (N.Y.), where the stakes was run until 1960, when Jamaica was torn down and the Wood went to Aqueduct. The race was named for Eugene D. Wood, a Jamaica founder. It quickly became a prime test for Kentucky Derby hopefuls.

? *Who won the first race?*

• H. P. Whitney's Backbone covered the mile and 70 yards in 1:43 2/5 (the present distance is 1 1/8 miles). He was only 14th in the Derby but finished second in the Preakness.

? *How many winners of the Wood went on to take the Derby?*

• Six—Gallant Fox (1930), Twenty Grand (1931), Johnstown (1939), Count Fleet (1943), Hoop, Jr. (1945) and Assault (1946).

? *Three horses who won the Wood also earned the Triple Crown. Who were they?*

• Gallant Fox, Count Fleet and Assault.

? *How many Wood champions took two legs of the crown?*

• Four. Twenty Grand and Johnstown won the Belmont after their Derby victories, while Native Dancer (1953) and Nashua (1955) both took the Preakness and Belmont.

? *Who rode the most winners?*

• Eddie Arcaro had nine winning mounts. His first was Stir Up in one of the 1944 divisions (the race was split into two heats three times—1944, 1945 and 1947), and the others were Hoop, Jr. (1945), Phalanx and I Will (1947), Olympia (1949), Hill Prince (1950), Head Man (1956), Bold Ruler (1957) and Jewel's Reward (1958).

? *Who holds the record for trainers?*

• Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons retired in 1963 with eight winners—four each for Belair Stud and Wheatley Stable.

? *It has been 17 years since a Wood winner won the Derby. Has any Wood entry made a good showing in recent years?*

• Katherine Price's Carry Back won the 1961 Derby after finishing second to Globemaster in the Wood. He also took the Preakness.

LYNN SIMROSS

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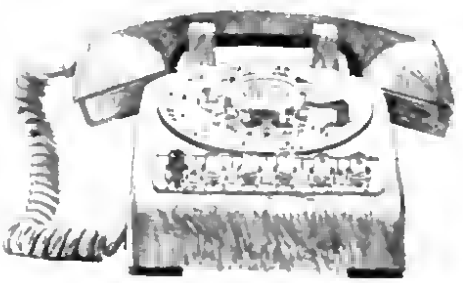

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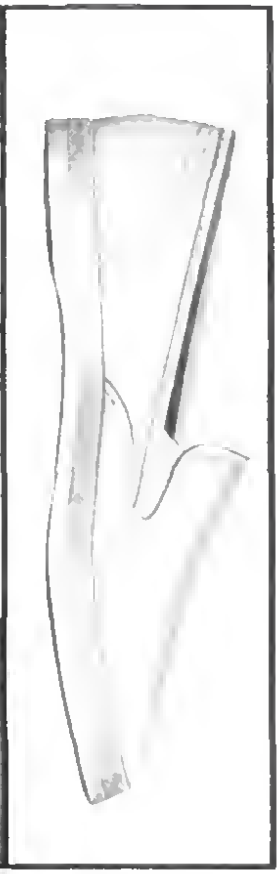

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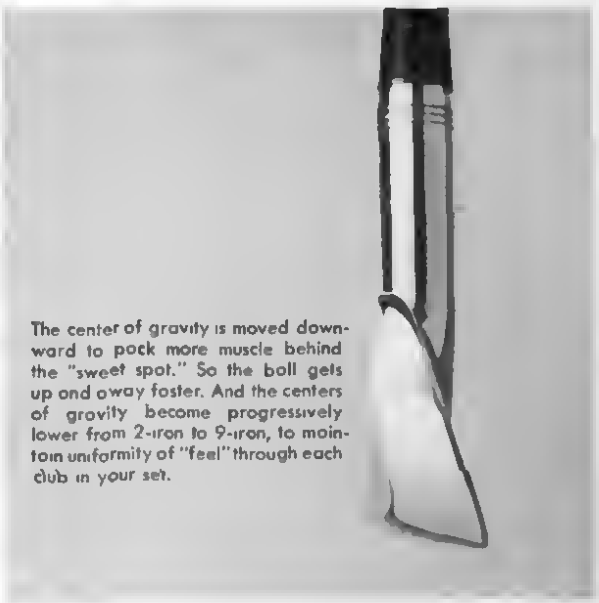

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SPALDING

SCORECARD

THE FIX THAT WASN'T

The Senate hearings on boxing clarified some issues and confused others. Intentionally or not, they encouraged public suspicion that the Clay-Liston fight was a fix—that the champion threw it.

It is a shrewd observer who suspects every upset in prizefighting, but a callow one who assumes that all upsets are crooked. Neither logic nor evidence supports such cynicism about the Liston-Clay fight. Liston was outboxed and took a thorough beating. He quit on his stool for reasons that will be found only in his strangely confused character. There was very little betting on the fight, and the odds appear to have held steady (at 5 or 6 to 1) for weeks before the match—conclusive evidence that there was no betting coup. Only such a coup could have provided reason for a fix.

Why, then, do so many of prizefighting's followers continue to believe that there was a fix? A big reason is the newspaper reports, in which not all, but not a few, sportswriters sought to justify predictions, made without reservation, that Liston would demolish Clay. Then there was a wonderfully inept radio broadcast in which Clay, light of foot and in full control of the situation, was described repeatedly, from the third round on, as seemingly "running out of gas." In the fifth round Liston was said to be "close to finishing it now." No radio listener got even a hint that Clay was winning until near the very end, when Liston quit. It is small wonder that distorted impressions of the fight persist.

All Clay did in this bout was to follow corner instructions to box Liston and stay out of range of his punch—something Floyd Patterson had been too foolishly vainglorious to do in his two brief encounters with the ex-champion.

As for the subsidiary contract giving Liston the right to share in the promotion of Clay's next fight and to pick his opponent, it was nothing more than a transparent (and prudent) subterfuge to get around the World Boxing Association's feckless opposition to return-bout clauses. This issue also was academic—if Liston gets back in shape, fans will demand a return bout and will pay to see it. No other obligation will be required.

The hearings demonstrated in greater detail than was known that Liston was not so much associated as festooned with bosses and hangers-on who might be flatteringly described as dubious characters. The New York and California state commissions were quite right to make it clear that Liston & Co. were unwelcome.

Because of the continuing presence of undesirables in boxing, and because of a series of deplorable accidents in the ring, some want boxing abolished. That we regard as a defeatist and even decadent proposal. We much prefer the Senate subcommittee's recommendation, made here long ago, that a federal boxing commission be established to oversee the sport, deny licenses to crooks or those who associate with them, and establish reasonable safety standards. It is good to see that the New York Boxing Writers' Association, among others, now supports this view, though unfortunate that prizefighting has lacked the will and the way to create its own effective self-government. But that is its history.

AT BAY AND AT BAT

As long as there are nine innings and four quarters and desperate situations in sport there will be a Frank Merriwell. Our nomination for the current reincarnation would be Russell Vollmer of Memphis State.

In the fall of 1962 Vollmer returned a punt 88 yards through a great Ole Miss football team. He was just warming up for that year's Mississippi State game, in which his 73-yard kickoff return started his team on its way to its first victory in 41 tries against a Southeastern Conference opponent. Then last fall, in another Mississippi State game, Vollmer was knocked out of bounds, over a bench, over a restraining wire and into a hospital. Came the second half, and Vollmer raced back onto the field to direct a winning touchdown drive.

Now it is spring, and the baseball season is with us. With two men out, one man on base and Kansas State leading 6-5 in the bottom of the ninth, Vollmer came to bat. What did he hit? He hit a home run, naturally.

Four days later the situation was reversed. Memphis State had the ninth-inning, two-out lead. A University of Kansas batter was up, and he had Vollmer's Merriwell gleam in his eye. He would hit a home run, he thought, and win the ball game. And he actually did hit what looked for all the world like a home run.

But there in the outfield was Russell Vollmer, running through a stream, up a steep hill and way, way back. He made the catch.

THE METS THINK BIG

Carried away, no doubt, by the heady excitement of the neighboring World's Fair, the New York Mets have come up with a seven-story gimmick—a sing-along scoreboard—to attract nocturnal Fairgoers to new Shea Stadium. Situated in right field in full view of the fair, the board will flash song lyrics to the fans in the park. Simultaneously, a gigantic band shell behind the board will cast a rhythmic glow over Shea Stadium and surrounding Flushing Meadow. As if this were not enough, the shell will change colors like an electronic chamele-

on as the notes of a song slide up and down the scale, from a high-C red to a blue bass. Atop scoreboard and shell will be a separate movie screen to project to the fans an 18-foot-by-24-foot color closeup of a player as he takes his turn at bat. The Mets, the sign sponsor (Rheingold) and the sign's designer (General Indicator of New York) all

continued

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TRADEMARK

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deny that batters will be distracted by the pulsating colossus in right field. The sing-alongs and the color screen will be used only to warm up the crowds before gametime or to amuse them when play is delayed by rain. The movie screen can be used to show sports films or, appropriately enough, cartoons. And it is good to know that this million-dollar baby can keep score, too.

SQUARING THE DEAL

The casinos of Las Vegas, hard-pressed by disciples of Dr. Edward O. Thorp and his IBM 704 computer, changed the rules of blackjack on April Fool's Day in a desperate effort to restore the modest edge they once enjoyed so profitably. Dr. Thorp's book, *Beat the Dealer* (SI, Jan. 13), had armed rustics with an irresistible mathematical formula by which the game could be beaten. Furthermore, they were beating it.

To counter them, the casinos now have barred such ploys as the doubling of bets on anything but a two-card 11 and the splitting of aces (northern Nevada casinos have long had their own similar house-favoring variations on the rules). The idea was to restore the casinos' usual advantage of 2% to 5%.

Casino operators may be surprised to learn that, according to Dr. Thorp, who is an associate professor of mathematics at New Mexico State University and is some $25,000 ahead of the game, it will not work.

"These new rules," he said happily, "show that the casioo owners still do not understand the system."

The only way to beat the system, he suggested, is to ban blackjack.

DUGOUT BLUES

Though Pitcher Russ Kemmerer, 32, and Outfielder Carroll Hardy, 30, finished the 1963 season in the minor leagues, the desperate Houston Colts invited them to spring training. They were in a melancholy mood the other day as they watched a billiard game in the Colts' recreation room.

"The day of the minor leaguer, of the fellow who played baseball because he loved it, is gone forever," Hardy said. "Now you either make it to the majors in two years or you quit. Whenever a choice has to be made they send the older guy out and keep the kid. It used to be the other way around."

"If it had been like this when I came up," Kemmerer agreed, "I'd have made the majors three years sooner. When I broke in with the Red Sox they had pitchers like Willard Nixon and Bob Porterfield, who were hurt and hadn't been pitching much. But they kept them, because they would rather wait for an experienced pitcher to get well than take a chance on a young one."

"If you don't like it you can quit," Hardy said. "In fact, they hope that you do quit, to make room for more kids."

Kemmerer had a 6-2 record last year at Oklahoma City.

"Pitchers seem to have the best chance of coming back," he observed, "and I might get another shot. Anyway, you never quit hoping."

"I have," Hardy said. "I've quit hoping."

ONE DOUBLE IS PLENTY

At two of Miami's big racetracks, Tropical Park and Gulfstream, the twin double was introduced this year with considerable (financial) success. At Tropical the handle jumped 5%, and at the current Gulfstream meeting it is up 13%. Hialeah held out against the innovation. Now we hear that, despite mounting pressure, Hialeah will again reject the twin double next winter. The reason: the men who run the track are convinced that this form of betting is contrary to the best interests of the sport.

Hooray for Hialeah.

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF WEST POINT

One of the last services General Douglas MacArthur performed for his country was an attempt to resolve the differences between the AAU and the NCAA. President Kennedy had foreseen that their war would jeopardize U.S. teams and individual athletes in international competition.

The general made progress, later pretty much dissipated in continued bickering between the two organizations. An excellent memorial would be a resolution of these differences, especially in honor of a gentleman who wrote these lines, inscribed on the gymnasium wall at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point:

Upon the fields of friendly strife
Are sown the seeds
That, upon other fields, on other days,
Will bear the fruits of victory.

INVITATION TO A CHRISTENING

Rumored for months, it is now a fact. With the election of the University of Oregon and Oregon State to membership,

continued

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the old Pacific Coast Conference, destroyed by intrigue and jealousy in 1959, has been restored as the Athletic Association of Western Universities. Only Idaho is missing—and will not be missed.

The decision makes both Oregons eligible for a share of the $1 million-plus fee realized each year from the Rose Bowl game. It also means that it would be possible for either Oregon or Oregon State to be in the game next January, since the pact calls for a "representative team," which would not necessarily be the champion.

There is, however, a problem in nomenclature. The conference cannot be called the Big Eight because another conference is so named. The initials AAWU, as well as the spelled-out name, are clumsy—the initials especially sounding like a cross between an organization for alcoholics and a telegraph service. What, one asks, would be wrong with calling it the PCC, or Pacific Coast Conference?

SHAKEUP

There will be new faces among the Los Angeles Lakers next season and, it begins to appear, one of them will be that of Walt Hazzard, All-America guard from UCLA and NCAA basketball Player of the Year. Laker officials are making no outright declaration that they will draft Hazzard as a territorial late this month, but that is the way to bet.

No more than four of the current Lakers are sure of a place on the club next season. They are the two untouchables, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor, plus Rudy La Russo and the rookie guard, Jim King. It would not be surprising if every other member of the club were sold or retired by the start of the National Basketball Association season next fall.

THERMOMETER TALK

An angler worth his bait knows that he will fill his stringer in the spring most quickly by finding a spawning bed as soon as his quarry finds it. After years of research, Andrew Hulsey, Arkansas Fisheries biologist, has laid down some precise rules for that. Here they are.

White bass spawn when water temperature is 55° to 60° at the first couple of shoals up the inlets of deep lakes; crappie like 60° in shallow water at the edge of lakes; when the water is 62° look for black bass in clear water at depths of three to six feet, bream want the temperature from 65° up, in water from one

continued

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Bright sunny days invite you outdoors for family fun, seeing the sights on a Schwinn. You'll love the freedom of riding, setting your own pace on a smart-looking, smooth-rolling Schwinn that puts new joy in cycling. Try Schwinn's exciting new 10-speed Varsity with derailleur gears that really go! The younger set will get new thrills on the stylish new Schwinn Sting-Ray that "corners" like a sports car. And for young ladies from 8 to 80, there's the beautiful new Schwinn Fair Lady with its own flower-trimmed basket for purse or packages. So easy to ride! Choose your own Schwinn quality bike from your nearby factory-franchised Schwinn Dealer and join the fun outdoors. It's good for you!

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The Corvette Sting Ray beckons to that secret urge in every man to kick over the traces and express himself. Just get in, set it in motion, and glide right out of your shell. You're expressed!

You'll ask questions at first. How can anything that looks this good cost under five figures? How can anything so functional be so full of surprises like carpeting, dual armrests, electric clock and such? How can anything so sporting sponge away the bumps like that? What kind of raw meat do they feed that V8?

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'64 CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET

to six feet deep. Catfish? Seventy-five degrees and up, in shallow water.

As for Hulsey, when he goes fishing he tends to follow rules passed on to him by sages during his boyhood in Mount Ida. Like "When the dogwood blooms, the white bass spawn."

BESTSELLERS

Speaking of fitness, the President's Council on same put out a 35¢ booklet seven months ago called *Adult Physical Fitness*. Despite that snappy title it has sold well over half a million copies. Now the Council, aware that "the average high school student spends 15 to 30 hours a week watching television and only two hours a week in organized play or exercise," is publishing similar books for teenagers, one called *Vim*, for girls, the other called *Vigor* for boys, each priced at 25¢. All three books can be purchased from the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C.

LIGHT THAT FAILED

The State of Washington is planning an interstate highway that includes a long dark culvert at one point. The State Department of Fisheries wants the culvert to be lighted so that fish can find their way through. Highway officials think this is pretty silly.

"Fish won't swim through if it is dark," argued Jerry Ward of the fisheries department. "Ridiculous," said Highway Commissioner George Zahn. "Some biologist better have a pretty darn good explanation, if you ask me."

So Ward explained. Anadromous fish, like salmon, rest at night in deep pools and do not swim at all in complete darkness. A long dark culvert under a wide highway would stop their movement up or down stream as surely as a cement wall. The request for lighting in the culvert, to be turned on during the day, is eminently reasonable. Fish just do not go for tunnels of love.

THEY SAID IT

• Tommy Jacobs, golf pro, after missing a three-foot putt at the Greater Greensboro Open tournament: "Six inches from the hole the ball made a U-turn and never even stuck out its hand."

• Dick Farrell, conceding that the 32° Florida temperature might have helped his three-hit pitching for Houston: "It was so cold that ice was forming on my spitter." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 13, 1964

THE DANCER, THE SCOUNDREL –AND MR. MOON

The brilliant Northern Dancer added the Florida Derby to his string of victories; this time it was over Rex Ellsworth's improving colt, The Scoundrel. Another westerner, Hill Rise, remains a favorite for next month's Kentucky Derby, and a couple of eastern horses are coming to top condition. But in line with racing's traditional script, there now emerges a dark horse, the unheralded Mr. Moonlight

ROBERT K. BAILEY

Racing out of the final turn, Northern Dancer (1) has

Even for an experienced partygoer like the dashing Horatio Luro, last week's Florida Derby Ball at Miami Beach's Carillon Hotel was a bit of all right. The tall Latino, who trains Northern Dancer for Canadian E. P. Taylor, roared at Georgie Jessel's jokes, gazed admiringly at a rather fleshy stripper and, from time to time, wondered if his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Jockey Bill Shoemaker, were having as much fun as he was. The Taylors seemed to be, while Shoe rode out the long evening, squirming in his neat little tuxedo, with the look of a man who knows that occasionally a world-famous athlete must dine with the boss even though he would rather belt down a few with the boys in a key club at the Miami Springs Villas.

When Luro finally got home the sleep that should have come easily hardly came at all. All he could think of, in fact, was Northern Dancer's race in the Florida Derby the next afternoon. "After the ball he tossed and turned all night," said his pretty wife Frances.

"And why wouldn't I?" said Luro. "I was remembering how Northern Dancer ran away with his exercise boy on Friday morning. He did five furlongs in 58 seconds, and I was scared to death. That could have been his race right there, you know, just thrown away in a workout."

The management of Gulfstream Park and the 30,212 spectators who showed up in humid 82° weather on Saturday refused to share Horatio Luro's worries. Confidence in Northern Dancer was the order of the day—so much so that Joe Tanenbaum, the track's information director, threw superstition to the warm Florida winds early Saturday morning. An iron jockey stands alone in the center of Gulfstream's walking ring, dressed in the painted silks of the winning owner of the previous year's Florida Derby. For the last year it has worn Rex Ellsworth's black and red colors in honor

continued

ken the lead in the Florida Derby, while The Scoundrel (8) has begun a challenge that lasted through the stretch but failed by a length.

of Candy Spots. On Saturday morning Tanenbaum boldly ordered those colors stricken in favor of E. P. Taylor's turquoise. Then, he explained, after the Florida Derby the painter would only have to add some gold spots to the turquoise to complete the motif of Taylor's Windfields Farm.

As it turned out, Tanenbaum and his painter called their shots—or spots—*perfectly, and Horatio Luro could have* saved some of his tosses and turns for Louisville the night of May 1, Kentucky Derby eve. Northern Dancer was made a 3-to-10 favorite and he let nobody down as he added the Florida Derby to his earlier Flamingo score. Now he heads north to Kentucky as co-favorite for the Derby with California's Hill Rise, who is already at Keeneland. They may meet in the April 23 Blue Grass, and that should be quite a race, too.

Only seven opponents showed up to challenge the Dancer (Owner Taylor unconsciously called him Native Dancer when describing him to a friend at the Friday ball), and most of them should have stayed in their stalls. In the paddock, Taylor, who often looks as though one of his many companies has just declared bankruptcy, was beaming. Rival Owner John Galbreath (Saltville) said, "Eddie, you aren't scared of anyone, and you don't have to be." Taylor insisted he was, but nobody believed him.

Luro threw Shoemaker up on the bay son of Nearctic, gave him two friendly pats on the seat of his white pants and left to watch the race. He looked like an Argentine version of Alec Guinness who has just tossed the crown jewels into the trunk of his car.

Having drawn the inside post position, *Shoemaker's only problem*, as *he and* Luro saw it, was to get good position going into the first turn and then lay slightly off the pace until it was time to make the winning move going into the far turn. Everyone knew who was going to set the pace, because at a press breakfast the morning before, Herb Paley, trainer of the long shot Greek Episode, had accommodated all hands by announcing, "Our horse is as sharp as a razor blade now, and whoever wins will have to catch us first."

"I wasn't much concerned with catching Greek Episode," said Shoemaker later. "I didn't think he'd go this distance anyway, so it didn't bother me."

Sure enough, Greek Episode shot quickly to the front, but Northern Dancer was never far behind. Shoe was slightly crowded by Saltville going into the first turn, but coming out of it he moved Northern Dancer into perfect position, a length off the pacesetter and a length ahead of Rex Ellsworth's The Scoundrel.

The pace was not fast. In fact, it was slow: 23 for the quarter, and 47 3/5 for the half mile. Still, Shoe sat like the iceman *he can be and waited until the half-*mile pole loomed up in front of him. Then, without hitting his horse once, he gave him a gentle "go" sign and Northern Dancer rolled into the turn with the kind of self-assurance that is the mark of a champion. Leaving the quarter pole, Northern Dancer was in front, and he stayed there.

The Scoundrel, who had been the only threat, was also the only horse in the field to make a battle of it. He went for the lead turning for home but couldn't quite get it. He didn't quit either, and hung on to finish second, beaten only one length. He was two and a half lengths in front of Dandy K., while stretched out over another nine lengths were Roman Brother, Greek Episode, Ishkoodah, Ky. Pioneer and Saltville—in that order.

Shoemaker had nice things to say about Northern Dancer—though he has elected to ride George Pope's Hill Rise in all the Triple Crown races. "In the Flamingo this horse was definitely very tired at the finish," he said. "Today he was different. It seemed to me that he did what he had to, and did it well. The important thing is that when The Scoundrel came to him—and before that when Roman Brother challenged him—he took the challenge and moved away from them. He was not tired at *the finish. I hit him only once, and he* gave me no problems at all. This was his best race so far, and he's probably improving."

If Northern Dancer *is* improving, his Florida Derby rivals are in for a rough time if they hope to reverse the decision in Kentucky. The Scoundrel may be expected to improve also; at least, Trainer Mesh Tenney will be surprised if he doesn't. Before the Florida race he said hopefully, "Our colt would have to run a race that showed us he was finishing well and that the extra furlong of the Kentucky Derby would help us." After The Scoundrel's second-place finish he said, "We'll go to Churchill Downs."

For the others in Florida the trip to Louisville may be pointless. (New York is something else—see opposite page.) Roman Brother had no excuse in the world and is now going for the April 18 Wood Memorial. "If he can't do well in that," said Trainer Burley Parke, "why should we go to Kentucky?" Saltville, according to Jockey Braulio Baeza, just wouldn't take hold of the bit; he may be considerably better than *he showed on Saturday. There must also* be hope of sorts for Dandy K. You can chalk off Greek Episode and Ishkoodah, and the same probably can be said of Ky. Pioneer from the Calumet Farm stable.

"At the moment," says Trainer Jimmy Jones, "I don't think either Ky. Pioneer or Kentucky Jug are Derby horses. We wouldn't have a prayer with either horse unless something drastic happened. But there's always hope when you consider that some of these other horses won't hold together. And then there's always the question of which of them will go a mile and a quarter. Northern Dancer runs good, real good. He looks like he'd be good in any Derby. The rest of us have to play for developments."

Added to this is the uncertain condition of one of the favorites. While Hill Rise, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, is completely sound, Northern Dancer could be running on borrowed time. He has had a splint on one leg all his life, though it has yet to bother him. He ran most of last fall with a quarter crack and it has been fixed—permanently, it seems with a special Bane Patch, named after the ingenious California blacksmith who developed it. Now the patch has been removed and the process of normal regrowth of the hoof has begun. Northern Dancer's foot may be as strong now as *Lou Groza's, but it is, nonetheless,* more uncertain than a foot that has never been injured at all.

As he heads for Keeneland this week Northern Dancer is the pride of the East. Or, rather, he is the pride of eastern Canada, not Kentucky, where 70 of the previous 89 Kentucky Derby winners were bred. Already the winner of $261,365, Northern Dancer could become the first Canadian-bred to win our Derby. If he does, he will have one more distinction: as a late foal, he would be the first 2-year-old to win a 3-year-old U.S. classic. Northern Dancer's actual third birthday is May 27, just 25 days after he runs for those roses.

—WHITNEY TOWER

Approaching the eighth pole in Aqueduct's Gotham Stakes, long shot Mr. Moonlight (2) begins powerful surge that won him a close victory

While Northern Dancer was winning in Florida and Hill Rise was being bedded down tenderly in his stall at Keeneland, from Aqueduct two very distinct warning shots were fired at their Kentucky Derby chances. The louder came from Mr. Moonlight, a questionably bred, lightly raced, totally ignored, so-so-looking horse who won the $58,300 Gotham Stakes by a desperate nostril. The softer—but equally important—warning came from Quadrangle, an excellently bred, lightly raced, well-respected, beautifully formed 3-year-old who won an allowance race in game style over good company.

There is no reason why anyone should have heard of Mr. Moonlight before the Gotham, since it was his first stakes try in 11 races. Quadrangle, on the other hand, has been a developing horse right along but one who chose to run the very best race of his life in the Pimlico Futurity last November 23—a day when no one was thinking of horses.

Mr. Moonlight's Gotham victory came at a perfect time to throw some imponderables into the minds of the owners, trainers and jockeys of Northern Dancer and Hill Rise. This chestnut son of an undistinguished sire, Moondust II, is not the type of horse that comes smashing on from far behind like Whirlaway, Needles, Carry Back, Silky Sullivan or Beetlebomb. Instead, his race is best when he is close to the leaders, waiting for them to soften each other up. On the other hand, Hill Rise and Northern Dancer are basically front runners. Mr. Moonlight was positioned seventh during most of the Gotham, but he was never farther than eight lengths away from the leaders. Those leaders, in fact, had some fairly good credentials, too, for among them they had accounted for the Hopeful, Sapling, Bay Shore, Cowdin, Tremont and Governor's Gold Cup over the past two seasons.

Jockey Jimmy Combest brought Mr. Moonlight from five lengths back in the stretch and got him up in the last jump to beat Traffic. Moving up from five lengths back in a race is not normally considered a supereffort, but horses have been having trouble gaining ground in the Aqueduct stretch this year, probably because the course has been overused. It now is as frustrating to try to come from behind at Aqueduct as it is to lap the field on a merry-go-round. As Combest and Larry Adams, the rider of Traffic, pulled their horses up on the backstretch, Adams hollered over to Combest, "Did you get me?" Combest hollered back, "I got you, baby!" and he held his index finger and thumb so close together that only a sliver of light showed. "I thought so," said Adams.

Mr. Moonlight probably will immediately become the Derby favorite in the hearts of Carry Back alumni everywhere and, in truth, he seems a horse for all nations. His sire, Moondust II, was raised in Ireland, raced in England, stood at stud in Australia and is currently standing in Lexington, Ky. The best thing that can be said for Moondust II is that he is a half brother to Migoli, who begat the memorable stayer of a few years ago, Gallant Man. The next race for Mr. Moonlight will be either the Wood Memorial or the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs. Mr. Moonlight is trained by Jimmy Combest's brother Nick and is owned by Mrs. Magruder Dent of Greenwich, Conn.

Quadrangle, although running a little greenly, won a race at a mile last week, beating another top Derby eligible, Knightly Manner, by a neck. He will run, and probably be one of the favorites, in next week's Wood Memorial at Aqueduct. If Quadrangle shows good form in the Wood, Elliott Burch, who trained Sword Dancer four years ago, will ship the horse to Kentucky to be readied for the Derby. Burch already has a commitment from last year's winning Derby rider, Braulio Baeza, to handle Quadrangle in the classic. While Quadrangle could certainly not be put in a class with Hill Rise and Northern Dancer at the present time, he has one rather large item in his favor. He seems to love mud and mud has made monkeys out of many Derby favorites. In the last 20 years the Derby has been run over an off track eight times, and in those eight races the favorite won only twice.

—William Leggett

PITY THE POOR SHORT HITTERS

Last week Jack Nicklaus told why power golfers have an advantage at the Masters. Now those who must rely on finesse complain that courses are longer everywhere, and wonder if the tour still has a place for them **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

As the pro tour moved through the pines and red clay of the Greater Greensboro Open last week and on to the Masters at Augusta National, there was more and more talk among the players about a subtle but steady change in the demands of professional golf—the increasing need for power. Just days before, big Jack Nicklaus had spelled out the advantage the power hitter has at the Masters (SI, April 6). But what happens to the short hitter at Augusta—where there has been no intentional effort to make length an advantage—is nothing, some pros are saying, compared to what happens at many tour courses which have been built, or rebuilt, to put a premium on power. The short hitter is finding that many of the new courses are too long, that the penalty for error is too severe and that he does not have a real chance to win a tournament unless he plays four perfect rounds. Where power was once a luxury it is now a necessity, and those exquisite talents for finesse and technique, which created such heroes as Henry Picard and Horton Smith, have dwindled in importance beside the ability to hit a golf ball so far that the march between shots would exhaust a forest ranger.

A player's size itself is not, of course, the determining factor. Little men like Gary Player and Chi Chi Rodriguez can be champions by lashing at the ball with controlled overswings that use every fiber of muscle to drive as far as their larger opponents. But golf's graceful short hitters, who may be a vanishing breed on the tour, resent the fact that golf course architects, caught up in the rush toward power, have all but designed them out of the game.

Perhaps the best known of the short hitters is former PGA Champion Jerry Barber. At 5 feet 5 and 137 pounds, Barber is weary of facing par-4 holes he can barely reach with two wood shots and a free throw. Outspoken and waspish about what he considers an unfair situation, he says: "Golf course architects, drunk with sand, length and big undulating greens, are running the little man right out of the game. They're not changing the size of tennis courts, they're not putting the baskets any higher, and football fields are still the same. But they feel they have to make changes in golf courses.

"What is happening," Barber continues, "is they are building courses so long and putting in so many ponds and bunkers that the short hitter has to play a defensive game. He suffers tremendously, because he has to be so careful to avoid the hazards that he doesn't dare hit the ball with all his strength. Today a golf architect doesn't think he has built a good course unless at least three of the par-3s require wood shots. They put water in front of the greens on two-thirds of the par-5 holes, so the short hitter has to lay up with a four-wood and come in with a 100-yard approach. Most of the par-4 greens are closed off with water or bunkers, so if you can't fly the ball onto the putting surface you can't score. The short hitter has to work so hard that when he finishes a tournament he thinks he doesn't know anything about golf at all."

Harsh talk, to be sure, but when a lot of pro golf's smooth, short hitters sit down in the locker room after playing well and finishing 20th in tournaments on courses like Firestone at Akron, Colonial at Fort Worth and Warwick Hills at Grand Blanc, Mich., they are saying to themselves just what Barber is saying aloud.

Consider Billy Maxwell, an affable red-haired Texan who has made a nice living on the tour, not because he can hit the ball very far but because he seldom hits it where he cannot find it. Maxwell's nice living, significantly, does not include many championships. Thirteen years ago he was the U.S. Amateur champion and he was thought to have a brilliant future in pro golf. But in the last three years he has ranked 10th, 11th and 28th on the money winners' list. He does not have enough power, and he sees things getting progressively worse for his kind of golfer.

"The game itself is changing," Maxwell said last week. "When I was growing up they would tell you not to worry about distance, just to concentrate on keeping the ball straight and in play. It's not that way anymore. The guys are going for power. In 1955, my first year on the tour, Paul Harney was the third longest hitter in golf, behind Mike Souchak and George Bayer. Harney has become a much more polished player than he was then, but he is now up against 50 guys on the tour who can hit the ball at least as far as he can. It doesn't matter anymore if you swing pretty, like the old Scotchmen wanted to. But it matters a lot how far the ball goes. It used to be that some of the longer hitters were not so good around the greens, so their power didn't give them enough of an advantage. Now most of the big hitters can chip and putt, too. The only chance us short hitters have is never to get in trouble."

The move toward longer and tougher courses began in the mid-'50s, when the pros started scoring in the 60s with regularity. Club members were embarrassed by the way the touring legions tore their courses apart. When new courses were built, or when architects were called in for renovation jobs, the order was to get tough.

In theory, it is wonderful for a man to belong to a club known around the country for the stern quality of its golf course.

Former PGA Champ Jerry Barber says designers are overboard with sand, water and length

Tour regular Billy Maxwell places part of the blame on the demands of real estate men.

The member, however, is liable to get punchy trying to walk 7,100 yards of fairway or light his way through sand traps that would have bogged down the Afrika Korps. While old golf courses are being lengthened and toughened, new ones are being made long to begin with —sometimes for a purely commercial reason, the pros point out.

"Most new courses are built in real estate subdivisions," explains Maxwell. "Everybody wants to live on the fairway. So you get long, long fairways, and you have more fairway lots to sell. Some of these new courses are ridiculous. They look like they want to eliminate the short hitter. They're not golf courses. They're just distance. A course doesn't have to be 7,200 yards to be a test of golf. Some of them are really overdone. You take that Doral course, where we played two weeks ago. It looks like the Mojave Desert with those long holes and all that sand."

The pros who are faced with the problem claim the new trend in courses also deprives the gallery of seeing what is often the most dramatic shot in golf, the recovery. You can't hit recovery shots from a water hazard or an out-of-bounds petunia bed in some club member's front lawn.

"But recovery shots are the ones everybody remembers," says Jim Ferrier, who has been on the tour for 20 years, "the ones you hit out of something, over something and onto the green. Now when you get off line you are probably in a place nobody could get out of. The margin for error is very small, and the chance for recovery has disappeared.

"At most new courses in this country if you hit the ball off line you have to drop another one. The architects have gone water-crazy. They must have spent too much time watching *Sea Hunt* on television."

Barber, who depends on a delicate touch to make up for his lack of power, agrees that golf is a game of misses and recoveries.

"If you hit three or four really good shots in a round, it is a good round," Barber says. "Most golf shots are mishit but turn out well. You should not have to know courses so well that you know where to miss the ball. That is strictly defense. I've seen shots go an inch too far and roll 30 to 40 yards past the green because the architect banked the green so sharply. Courses are not built like that in Canada or England. There's one in Wentworth, England they call the Burma Road, but it's not half as hard as Firestone, where the rough is heavy, the fairways are slanted toward the bunkers and the tees are back at 7,165 yards for a par 70.

"In 1935," says Barber, "Oakland Hills [in Detroit] was one of the finest golf courses I had ever played. In 1961 at the U.S. Open I hardly recognized the place. They had added more than 60 bunkers. They had made it fit the modern pattern: everything has to be bigger and better, especially bigger."

The architects have also made putting more difficult. The touring pros say the greens now have breaks and counter-breaks that are impossible to read without special knowledge of the course.

"There are so many breaks now on short putts it will have an overall shortening effect on the careers of many fine players," says Barber, long known as one of the tour's very best putters. "The nervous strain of holing three- to six-foot putts that have almost complete breaks before they get to the hole will drive some excellent players out of the game early. The greens should be smaller, intelligently bunkered and fair. If a good reader of greens has to guess where the break will be, the architect has used trickery to keep him from scoring."

To combat the problem of longer courses, Barber has for two years been doing exercises in which he places his hands on one chair and his feet on another and sits in mid-air, raising and lowering himself rather like a man whose boat drifted away from the dock as he was stepping into it. By exercising, Barber hopes that age—he is 47—will not cost him distance off the tee. He has an accomplished short game, but any lessening of his drives—combined with the lengthening of courses—might force him to leave the tour.

The final word on the status of golf on the new power courses, though, belongs to Dutch Harrison, who was winning tournaments when bamboo shafts were the latest thing. From the vantage point of his 54 years, Harrison views the problem of the power trend realistically—and sadly for golf's short-hitting stylists. "If you can't hit the ball 260 to 280 yards off the tee and you ain't a helluva putter," says Harrison, "stay home." END

Out on Their Own

Stretched out in mid-air are David Wheeler (*high*) and Arthur Poulton (*low*), who seconds before had been racing the upturned motorcycle barely visible at right in Leicestershire, England. Roaring into a bend known as Devil's Elbow, they lost control and slammed into the guardrail. As the riders hurtled forward, another team—its sideman leaning almost to the track surface—swerved to avoid them. The maneuver succeeded, and Wheeler and Poulton survived.

Every year thousands of horse lovers avidly enter a tobacco company's contest to name a 2-year-old colt, and thus needlessly take the biggest gamble of all—trying to get a Thoroughbred of their own to the races

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

BIG RISK FOR PIPE SMOKERS

Since I myself am an ardent horseplayer, it pains me to contemplate how many tens and hundreds of thousands of my fellow fans have temporarily lost their senses. Up and down the land, they have put aside their *Daily Racing Form* and relinquished their perpetual fantasies of twin doubles to concentrate instead upon the gaudiest and most treacherous dream of all—the irresistible and irrational urge of every $2 bettor to have a racehorse of his own.

The horse that has fired this year's dream—and this has been an annual frenzy since 1954—is a colt by Sword Dancer out of Elite; although a mere 2-year-old that does not even possess a name, it is already one of the most publicized racehorses in the world. The colt is won by sending in, by the first week of April, a name and a wrapper from a pack of Kentucky Club pipe tobacco. So, from Maine to Oregon, the pipe smokers in the horseplaying fraternity puff away like mad, and the nonsmokers seriously deplete their betting funds by buying tobacco anyway and pressing it upon their friends. (One contestant, gifted with a more practical turn of mind than most horseplayers, once bought a hundred packs, tore off the wrappers so that he could submit a hundred names, then gave the contents to a veterans' hospital, thus establishing a charity deduction for his income-tax return.)

No class of horseplayer seems to be immune to the blandishment of the contest. In past years two of the prize horses have been won by college professors, and one by a staid civil servant in the Department of Labor. Several housewives have won, including the widow of a Massachusetts policeman. One year a whole bundle of entries was mailed in, unsuccessfully as it turned out, by a nun in an Ohio convent who persuaded her pupils' fathers to save their Kentucky Club wrappers for her.

The number of names submitted in the contest runs to the astounding average of 800,000, and this year contest officials think the total is close to a million. To all the contestants I can only offer the kindest thought I know: I wish you bad luck.

This attitude may seem harsh of me, but owning any kind of racehorse is a hazardous business; it has broken the hearts of gallant generals and bankrupted shrewd tycoons. Owning a young horse is the biggest risk of all. I could cite you some harrowing examples out of my own sad experience as a small-scale horse owner, but we can let that pass. The record of what has happened to the contest winners speaks as eloquently as I could.

Last year's winner was Dr. E. Dean Anderson, assistant to the president of Portland State College, who acquired a colt by Citation out of Fast Jane by naming it Title Talk. Did Title Talk get to the post as a 2-year-old? Only the naive would ask. Two-year-olds have a maddening tendency to get the equine equivalent of whooping cough in the spring, buck their shins in the summer, tantalize their owners by looking ready for a race in the fall and promptly buck their shins all over again.

What then did happen to Title Talk? Well, the other morning at Hialeah, where the colt was in training for its 3-year-old campaign, it worked a leisurely half mile, walked off the track and dropped dead. (I have tried, incidentally, to figure out how and why Dr. Anderson and the judges found the name Title Talk pertinent, but must confess that I remain baffled. I have also looked into why the winning names are usually so awful, and I am no longer baffled as to that. Obviously, ties must be thrown out

continued

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT VELDE

and, obviously again, when several hundred thousand people sit down to name a horse the good names occur to more than one person.)

The 1962 colt went to a Los Angeles physician named Dr. Theodore Stonehill. It was by Polynesian out of Secret Recipe, and the doctor came up with one of the few good names that the contest has produced, Cook's Find. Dr. Stonehill journeyed to Churchill Downs at the tobacco company's expense to take formal possession on Thursday of Derby Week, as is the custom, and found himself grievously disappointed, not to say shocked. The pictures in the advertisements had shown Cook's Find to be an absolutely faultless and handsome gray —but in Dr. Stonehill's opinion, exquisitely expressed in a lawsuit that he subsequently filed against the company, the colt was pigeon-toed, slovenly-gaited, overweight and carrying heat in both ankles. To compound the doctor's chagrin, the colt, at least in the doctor's view, was lop-eared and therefore esthetically obnoxious.

The company settled the case out of court and kept Cook's Find, maintaining that the colt is and always has been all right except for an unfortunate tendency to buck its shins, which it has just done for the third time. At any rate, Cook's Find is now 4 years old and has yet to get to the post, much less get into the money.

A nonsmoking nun submitted multiple entries, but did not come up with the word.

Is it worse to have your hopes dashed at the start or to be permitted to dream awhile? For three years Walter Dorn, a Pasadena jeweler who, among other things, sells binoculars and stopwatches to the horsemen at nearby Santa Anita, had yearned and struggled to win the contest. The fourth year he persuaded his wife, Madeline, to try. The colt was by Count Fleet, and to Mrs. Dorn this seemed like fate, for her brother was engaged at that very moment in a tense political campaign for a rapid-transit system. She sent in the name Hasty Transit and, sure enough, it was fate all right. In late April a man came knocking at her door to tell her that she was the proud owner of a racehorse. Mrs. Dorn was panic-stricken. What she had really wanted, in her heart of hearts, was one of the second prizes, a hi-fi set.

By Derby Week, however, Mrs. Dorn had caught some of her husband's fever, and when offered $10,000 cash for Hasty Transit she haughtily turned it down. The Dorns shipped their prize to California and began getting up at dawn to watch it train at Hollywood Park. Soon they were eating breakfast with the other horsemen in the track kitchen and discoursing learnedly on the relative merits of dry oats versus a mash. They joined the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association and attended its meetings and banquets like veterans of the turf.

Moreover, their colt soon proved it could run. By July, the *Daily Racing Form* was carrying the notation, "Hasty Transit turned in another creditable move," and listing such times as five furlongs in 1:01 handily. When the colt made its first start a little later the Dorns were waiting expectantly at the finish line, weighted down with high-powered binoculars and stopwatches with split-second hands, surrounded by a host of admiring and envious friends, proud to note that their horse was a strong favorite on the Tote board. The horse ran miserably and pulled up lame.

Even so, the Dorns kept hoping. On the advice of a veterinarian, they turned the colt out at a $100-a-month boarding farm. Every Sunday morning for nearly a year they drove straight from church to the farm, a 50-mile round trip, to take the colt carrots and sugar. When at last they got it back in action they entered it in a claiming race. It finished fourth, was claimed from them for $5,000 —and they were out of the horse business as suddenly as they had got in. They spent the money on a swimming pool, which is something really useful, especially in California, but they still miss those HBPA meetings.

Mrs. June Blacklock of San Francisco was another unsuspecting housewife lured into the contest by a horseplaying husband. The gift horse that year was a colt by Alibhai, and Mrs. Blacklock submitted Ali Hurry Bhai, a strong contender for the worst name spawned by the contest. As 2-year-olds go, Ali Hurry Bhai was a gem. It took hold of the bit quickly, bucked its shins early in the game, got back into training in no time at all and soon was running its first race at Churchill Downs. It finished third and the Blacklocks had visions of returning to the Kentucky Derby the following year to stand in the winner's circle. They insured their horse for $15,000, which seemed a laughably low figure at the time, and Mrs. Blacklock, who up to then had been staying happily at home doing the dusting and cooking the meals, went to work to help pay the $750 annual premiums.

Alas, it soon developed that Ali Hurry Bhai had something wrong with its throat—a goiter, the trainer thought. Unwilling to let their future Derby winner go ailing in far-off Kentucky, they had it shipped to San Francisco, 2,400 miles by rail at 8¢ a mile. When the horse arrived its throat was much worse. The California trainer they had engaged to look after it turned it over to a vet, who sent it along to the experts at one of the state universities. There, despite the careful ministrations of the best men in the profession, it died on the operating table.

Oh, well, at least there was the insurance money. But the insurance company refused to pay off, on the ground that the throat ailment was something that had predated the policy. The Blacklocks had to hire a lawyer and pay him a third of the $14,000 for which the company finally settled. Then an auditor for the Internal Revenue Service came around and said the Blacklocks had failed to pay the proper income tax on their prize. Haunted by visions of going to jail on top of all their other troubles, they hired another lawyer who eventually was able

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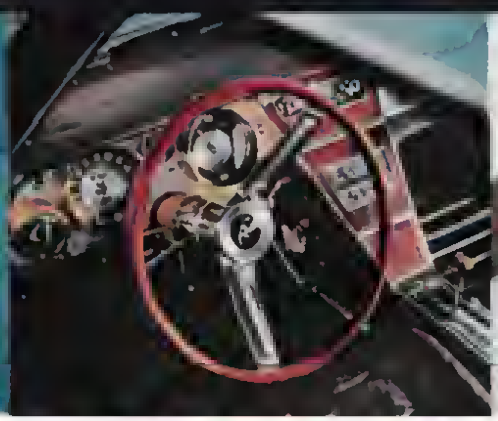

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to placate the Government. Instead of a Derby winner, Mrs. Blacklock wound up with barely enough money for a new automobile—and she is still stuck with her job.

All told, the tobacco company has now given away 12 horses, all well bred, all bought for respectable sums at the annual sale of blue-blooded yearlings at Saratoga. Four of them never got to the post. Of the eight that did, only one made a sizable amount of money. This was Aurecolt, the 1956 prize, which earned $60,000 in four seasons of racing. In keeping with the heads-you-win-tails-I-lose nature of racehorse ownership, Aurecolt's winner, an Arkansas professor, sold it for a mere $5,000 three days before it started and won its first race.

Saddest of all, perhaps, is what the contest has done to Ted Worner, who is its public-relations director and the man who goes to Saratoga each summer to help choose and buy the contest colts. Worner, who is of course ineligible to enter the contest, began to grow increasingly nervous at the Saratoga sales as the years went on. In 1959 he found himself drawn toward the fall yearling sales at Keeneland, where he had no business being at all. He wound up paying $2,700 for a filly of his own. Now, two more yearlings later, he is $17,000 in the hole as a horse owner.

What this proves, of course, is that the hope which springs eternal in the horseplayer's breast is stronger than all logic, and that the desire to own a racehorse is something that cannot be helped and probably cannot be cured. When I recently talked to Dr. Anderson, whose Title Talk dropped stone cold dead, his coffee table was covered with copies of *The Blood-Horse* and *The Thoroughbred Record*, the trade magazines of the breeding industry, and he was puffing away at his pipe as hard as he could to acquire more wrappers for the contest. The Dorns entered the contest again this year, and so, incredibly, did the Blacklocks. Even Dr. Stonehill, the man who sued the tobacco company, told me that he would have entered the contest this year, except that he figures his name on an entry would have sent it right to the wastebasket.

If you want to know the full truth, I myself began smoking a pipe last month. We horseplayers may not be the most sensible people in the world, but we're all heart. **END**

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BASEBALL 1964

CAN THE PITCHERS STAY ON TOP?

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

There was a time, little more than a year ago, when baseball's most dynamic symbol was the figure of a Mickey Mantle or a Stan Musial or a Willie Mays with a bat in his hands. But in the 1963 season the picture changed. Today the symbol is Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers (*see cover*), striking out 306 batters, pitching a no-hitter, winning 25 games. The pitchers dominated baseball last year and the success of Koufax' own team in winning the National League pennant and the World Series was in itself a season-long triumph for pitching. By the end of the year Connie Mack's old theory that "pitching is 75% of baseball" seemed to need an upward revision.

Even the statistics assumed a quality of unreality. The number of base hits decreased by 1,478 and runs by 1,681. As bases on balls dropped off 1,345, strikeouts rose by 1,206, and the list of 20-game winners climbed to 10, the highest in a dozen years. Seventeen percent of all games—275 games during the season—ended in shutouts. And only 15 hitters averaged .300, compared to 23 in 1962. Tommy Davis of the Los Angeles Dodgers won the National League batting championship with the second lowest average (.326) since 1919, while Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox won the American League title with the fourth lowest average (.321) since 1901.

Many explanations are advanced for this pitching phenomenon. Some experts, like former owner, showman and now full-time critic Bill Veeck, believe that the pitching looked so very, very good merely because the hitting was so very, very bad. "The hitters," says Veeck, "tried to knock everything out of the park instead of just meeting the ball." That delightful wandering minstrel, Satchel Paige, naturally has his own surrealistic explanation. He maintains that the pitching was not so much better in 1963 than it had been in previous years but that "today's hitters are not like the hitters we used to have. They are all tired and they get tired because they eat stuff out of hothouses and cans and freezers instead of right out of the ground."

Old Satch may be kidding—presumably pitchers use can openers, too—but three of the National League's more thoughtful citizens are deadly serious when they discuss the

subject. Dick Groat of the Cardinals and Henry Aaron of the Braves—both former batting champions—agree with Manager Walt Alston of the Dodgers that pitching today is so good that it will continue to dominate the game for years. "Every time you look up," says Groat, "there is another strong young kid out on the mound throwing that ball exactly where he wants it and not where you want it."

Alston says, "During the last few seasons kids have been coming out of nowhere; kids that nobody ever heard of before. They are all fast, smart and can control not only a fast ball and curve, as pitchers did in the past, but many of them can handle the fast ball, curve, change, screwball and slider with some degree of proficiency. They study hard and learn quick, and most of them have a tremendous desire to make it to the top."

Aaron, the most devastating hitter in baseball, sighs when he says, "I just don't see how any hitter can possibly hit for an average as high as .350 anymore. When I first broke in 11 years ago it was virtually certain that one or two guys would hit .350 or .360. Those days are gone. Today's pitchers are better than any I've seen since I came to the big leagues. Every team has at least three top starters, and some have four. A manager can reach down into the bullpen and throw a relief pitcher at you who is just as tough, if not tougher, than the starter. In 1963 the so-called bad teams like Houston [ninth in the 10-team National League] had excellent pitching staffs, and they make it too tough for a hitter to hit for average."

The evidence to support Aaron's contention about the "so-called bad teams" is a comparison of the earned run averages of the last four teams in each league in 1953 and the last four in 1963:

NL 1953	NL 1963	AL 1953	AL 1963
4.25	3.08	3.66	3.97
4.64	3.10	5.25	3.92
4.79	3.44	4.67	3.52
5.22	4.12	4.47	4.42

In all but one case, today's pitchers on the weaker teams are far superior to those of a decade ago.

continued

A specific reason often cited for the improvement in pitching is that somehow, through evolution, riboflavin or dedication to Canadian air force exercise pamphlets, pitchers have grown bigger and stronger than everyone else in baseball. Actually, the hitters have grown bigger and stronger too, and the sole *obvious* reason why big-league games resembled Little League games last year was the sudden appearance of a new strike zone that gave pitchers a marked psychological advantage.

When the Rules Committee raised the target for a strike in 1963 from the old "knees to armpit level" to the new "knees to top of shoulder level" the hitters became disturbed souls. The old strike zone had been riveted into every batter's consciousness to the point where his responses were almost automatic. Confronted with a "higher" strike, he began to worry, to second-guess himself, to reach for bad pitches. "Last year you wouldn't dare take a pitch close to your shoulders when you had two strikes on you," says Curt Flood, the .302 hitter of the Cardinals. The result was that many hitters went after a waste pitch in two-strike situations. If they didn't hit the high pitch right, they popped up. More often they struck out altogether.

Gene Mauch, manager of the Phillies and a man who swiftly reacts to the trends of baseball, may have the best explanation for what actually happened to batters faced with the new strike-zone ruling. "At the beginning of the year," Mauch says, "the hitters were confused. Players try like the devil to get off good at the start of a season and will settle themselves into a groove based on that first half. Some just never overcome a bad first half, and that bad mental block right at the beginning was a horrible thing for most of them."

Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves, ordinarily a slow starter, won four games in April last year. He believes that the new strike zone enabled pitchers to control hitters better than at any time since he entered baseball almost a quarter of a century ago. "The new zone helped limit the efficiency of those thin-handled whip bats that the hitters have been using and it also cut down the effect of the lively ball," he says. "Those 1963 figures on shutouts and low-run games were no accident. The pitching cycle has taken over."

One of the men who put the pitching cycle in motion, if there really is one, is Paul Richards, the general manager of the Houston Colt .45s. Richards started building his .45s three years ago, and he built them almost completely around pitching. He took some of the rejects offered in the expansion draft and added the useful slip pitch to their deliveries. He and Pitching Coach Cot Deal also changed their styles of throwing. They used the big park in Houston and their pitching to establish much better marks than the other new team, the New York Mets.

Says Richards, "There are some advantages now available to pitchers that even they can't attribute to their own skills. People tend to overlook the improvement of playing fields as a boon to pitchers. Infields are much better now than in the 1930s. They're manicured, trimmed and pampered. Infielders get the good hops now, while in the '30s, in most parks, a ground ball was like a hand grenade.

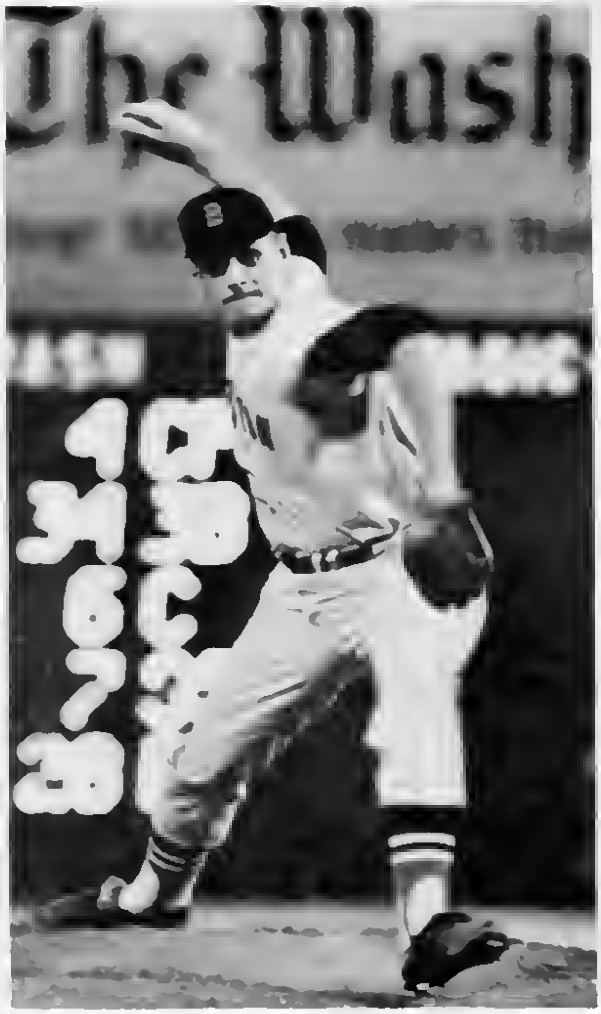
"The instruction all over baseball has developed and improved by 99% in the last 20 years, and the pitchers are getting a lot of it. For one thing, pitchers are easier to teach than hitters. If you walk into the National League tomorrow as a pitcher, say, you already have a style. Against most hitters your style is going to stay the same. But as a hitter you face 90 pitchers, and you have to learn the best pitch that each one has and what he will use in a clutch."

MILWAUKEE'S HANK AARON SEES NO HOPE FOR .350 HITTERS

(The general excellence of pitching troubled some others in baseball besides the hitters. According to many concessionaires, close games have an adverse effect on the sale of peanuts, hot dogs and beer. Houston's Buddy Martin says, "In a close game sales drop to nothing—everybody stays in his seat." Buzzie Bavasi, general manager of the Dodgers, does not agree. "Whenever you have a tight game going," he says, "people seem more nervous and, although I can't prove it, they seem to be eating more.")

As with the sale of hot dogs, there are opposing views on how long pitchers will enjoy their edge, or even if it will last through the current season. Richards himself says, "The hitting will catch up. It's a law of nature. The pitchers get ahead and then they become relaxed and careless and the hitters move up."

Vice-President Stan Musial of the Cardinals insists, "The



BOSTON'S RADATZ TYPIFIES TODAY'S TOUGH RELIEVERS

cycles come and the cycles go. There is no doubt that the pitchers seem to be on top right now. Remember, in the years following World War II, all sports were in an offensive stage. Sluggers like Ralph Kiner, Gil Hodges, Henry Aaron, Duke Snider, Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle and Roy Campanella came along, and the idea of the game was to go for the long ball and the big inning. Today the newer parks going up are a disadvantage to all hitters. It used to be that left-handed hitters had a distinct advantage, but today's stadiums are virtually symmetrical and thus baseball seems to be going back to defense, speed and pitching."

As Musial spoke he picked up a bat. "I have to think," he continued, "that this is still the greatest equalizer of all and that this, properly used, can change more cycles than anything else."

Coach Pete Reiser of the Dodgers, one of the most exciting hitters of his day, agrees with Musial. "Very few hitters today," he says, "take advantage of what they have. Too many of them stand up to the plate and think, 'I want a ball I can hit real good,' rather than sticking their bats out and eating some of those lollipops that are thrown up at them. Take a kid like Frank Howard. He has tremendous potential but at times he seems afraid to take a pitch. So they throw bad pitches to him and he swings and misses or pops up. Now if he would take some of those bad pitches he would be walked, and there aren't any pitchers around who like to give up walks. Eventually they would become afraid of walking Howard and would have to use strikes to get him. A guy that big can hit *any* ball in the strike zone. The pitching cycle today is helped a great deal by the hitter's idea of going for the long ball. 'Going for downtown,' they call it. That feeling of going for downtown now seems universal. I even saw those little guys in Japan down at the ends of their bats. They won't choke up on them. Downtown, everybody wants to go for downtown, but *I* think that the trend is about to stop."

Actually, there appeared to be a shift in that trend toward the end of last season. Says Gene Mauch, "I thought I saw quite a few hitters hitting the ball better—much better—during the last half of the season. They probably adapted to that strike zone a little, and with the mental barrier gone at the beginning of this year it should help them. Oh, the pitching will still be good, don't doubt that. But the hitting may come back."

Mauch's observations are supported by a comparison of first and second half of the season batting averages:

NL TEAM	FIRST HALF	SECOND HALF
GIANTS	.244	.273
METS	.206	.232
BRAVES	.235	.253
PHILS	.245	.258
COLT .45s	.214	.226
REDS	.241	.251
PIRATES	.246	.254
DODGERS	.249	.253
CUBS	.241	.235
CARDINALS	.278	.264

AL TEAM	FIRST HALF	SECOND HALF
TIGERS	.241	.263
A's	.238	.255
SENATORS	.219	.235
TWINS	.248	.261
WHITE SOX	.247	.254
ANGELS	.248	.252
INDIANS	.240	.238
YANKEES	.254	.249
ORIOLES	.251	.237
RED SOX	.260	.244

On 14 teams, averages increased, some by as much as 20 points. In spring training this year the hitters continued their offensive. Few of them were complaining about the strike zone anymore. The mighty Koufax was roughed up in two games; so were Whitey Ford and Ernie Broglio. Everything considered, it appears that Stan Musial's equalizer is already at work. The symbol of the game is still Sandy Koufax—but, like all pitchers, he may find that baseball coming back at him a little more often this year.

TURN PAGE FOR BASEBALL'S MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT

WHEN IT'S 3 AND 2

THE BASES ARE LOADED, TWO MEN ARE OUT AND THE COUNT ON THE BATTER IS FULL—THREE BALLS AND TWO STRIKES. TO ARTIST BERNIE FUCHS, THIS IS BASEBALL'S MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT, AND HE RECORDS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF IT, OBSERVED IN SEVERAL GAMES, ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES. AS AN OUTFIELDER CROUCHES IN READINESS (RIGHT), THE MOMENT IS TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED, WHEN OUT FROM THE DUGOUT HUSTLES THE MANAGER (NEXT PAGE) FOR A BRIEF, WORRIED WORD WITH HIS PITCHER AND CATCHER. AFTER HE LEAVES, THE PITCHER FINGERS THE RESIN BAG, TUGS AT HIS CAP AND LOOKS TO THE CATCHER FOR THE SIGN. THIS IS HABIT; THE PITCH—CURVE, SLIDER OR FAST BALL—HAS BEEN SETTLED WITH THE MANAGER. THE PITCHER STRETCHES, AND THE MOMENT MOVES TOWARD DECISION.

360
BAT
OUT
L
STRIKE

KEANE
5
44
34

P
FRATE
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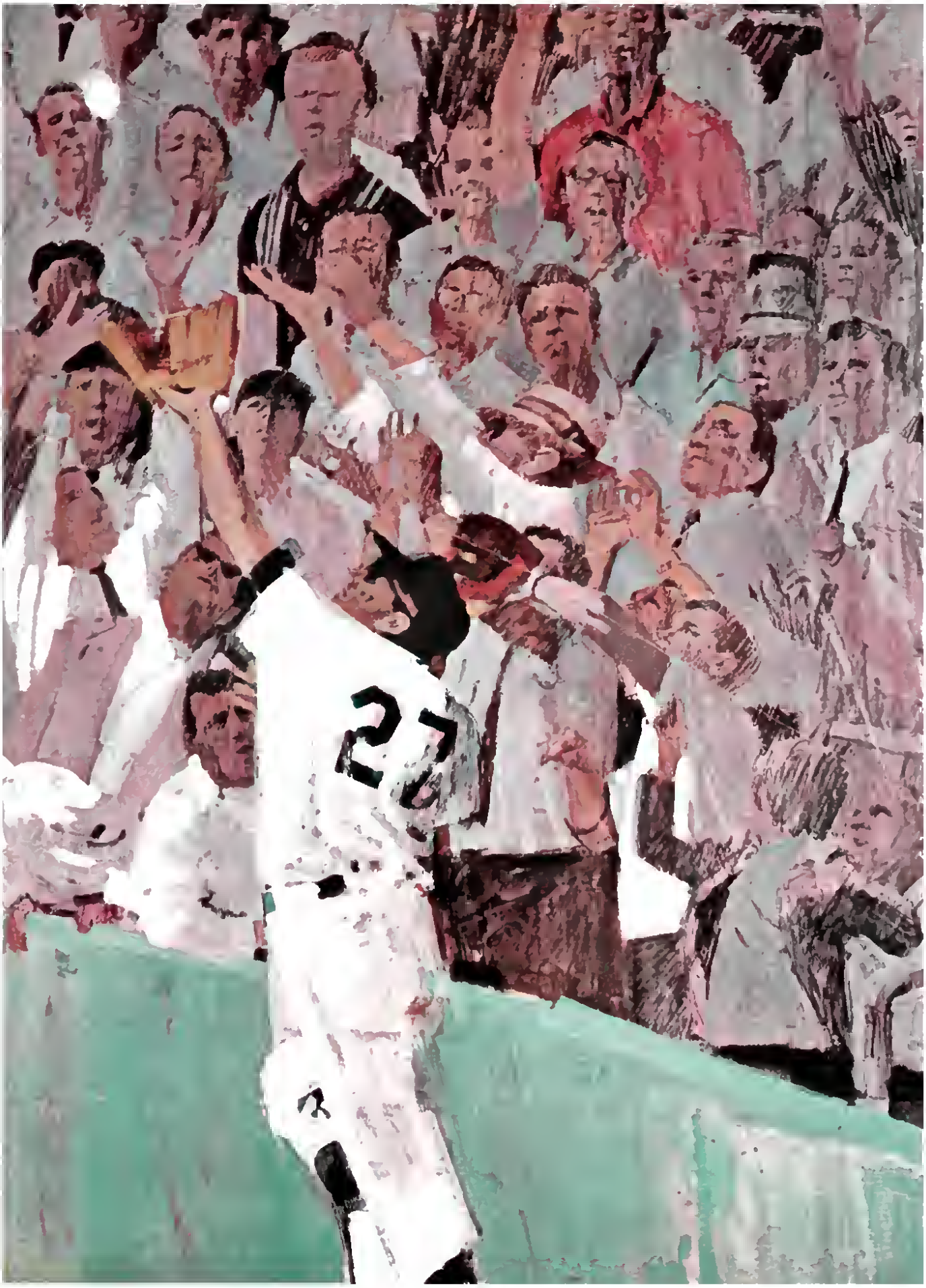
THE ARTIST'S MONTAGE CONTINUES (LEFT) AS ONE BATTER AWAITS THE PITCH A MOMENT LATER, WITH ALL THREE RUNNERS MOVING, ANOTHER BATTER IN THE SAME SITUATION SWINGS AND DRIVES THE BALL DEEP THE OUTFIELDER RACES TO THE BARRIER (NEXT PAGE) AND LEAPS. THE FINAL ACT —A HOME RUN OR THE LAST OUT—IS AN INSTANT AWAY.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SCOUTING REPORTS

THE BRAVES LOOK BETTER, THE ATHLETICS LOOK MUCH WORSE, THE WHITE SOX HAVE THE SAME OLD PROBLEM WITH HITTING THESE AND ALL OTHER TEAMS IN THE MAJORS ARE COVERED ON THE FOLLOWING 39 PAGES

NATIONAL LEAGUE

LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Goats in 1962, world champions in 1963—now many believe the Dodgers, with Sandy Koufax, border on the unbeatable. HITTING Lacking power (7th in HRs) and runs (6th), the Dodgers' attack once again will consist of short hits and fancy base running. Led by speedsters Maury Wills (40 stolen bases), Willie Davis (25), Jim Gilliam (19), Tommy Davis and John Roseboro, the team stole more bases than any other major league club for the second straight year. What power the Dodgers do have will come from the bats of Tommy Davis and Frank Howard. Davis (.326, 88 RBIs) has a chance to become the first since Ty Cobb to lead both leagues in hitting three consecutive seasons. Howard (.273), who missed most of spring training when he sat home trying to decide whether to play baseball or not, hit 28 home runs in 1963, but his RBIs dropped from 119 to 64. Willie Davis (.245) chased far too many bad pitches most of last season, but his September form (.313) indicates he may be cured. Wills (.302), with his speed, makes an ideal lead-off man, and Gilliam (.282), who strikes out fewer times than anyone else in the league, will bat, as usual, behind him. Ron Fairly batted .271 but did his best hitting with men on base (.341).

PITCHING The Dodger pitching staff must be good, since it gets so few runs to work with and is supported defensively by the fastest thumbs in the West. Sandy Koufax is the best pitcher in the major leagues, and even his record of 25–5, with 20 complete games, does not register his true worth. Against St. Louis, San Francisco and Philadelphia—the three top contenders—he was 11–1. In 311 innings he gave up only one sacrifice fly. Koufax has mastered the new high strike zone and the most frustrating feeling for any hitter is to watch Koufax get two strikes and then pinpoint his fast ball at shoulder level. That fast ball rises, but the hitter cannot afford to take the pitch. When he swings he either pops up or strikes out. Koufax struck out a league record 306 hitters last season, many of them with that rising fast ball. Right-hander Don Drysdale (19–17) has started 83 games in the last two years, and his record last season would have been much better if he had received some hitting support. At 31, Johnny Podres is the oldest Dodger pitcher, and he is still toughest in the big games. Koufax, Drysdale, Podres—all experienced, all excellent. Then there is Ronald Peter Perranoski, "the thing that comes in front left field." Over the last two seasons Ron Perranoski has

continued

RON PERRANOSKI RELIEVING HERE AGAINST THE YANKEES ENJOYS PITCHING "WITH A COUPLE OF GUYS ON."

Angeles
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played a vital part in 62 Dodger victories; in 1963, when he was 16–3, he had the best winning percentage in the majors. Perranoski is one of the most confident relief pitchers in baseball. When he is called in during a road game, with the winning run on the bases, he actually thrives on the total responsibility. "It has to be you," he says. "You have to stop them, because if you don't there is no retaliation for your team." Last season on the road he was 11–1 with 11 saves. Perranoski is 27, handsome, left-handed and was once a roommate of Boston's Dick Radatz at Michigan State. When the Dodgers were stumbling around last July, losing five of six games, Perranoski found himself on the mound against the Mets. The score was 5–3, Dodgers, but two runners were on. Perranoski got two quick strikes on Joe Hicks. He took the glove off his right hand, turned his back on Hicks, looked out at center field and began to rub up the baseball. Perranoski noticed that Tim Harkness, a former Dodger, was jumping around at second base, trying to shake his composure. Perranoski watched Harkness wave his arms and listened to his chirping. "Hey, Tim!" he called, and, to Harkness' surprise, Perranoski stuck his tongue out. Then he turned around and struck out Hicks with a sweeping curve. "Very often," he says, "people will talk about tiredness in pitchers, about mental tiredness. There should be no mental tiredness if your arm is awake." The Dodgers and those who play against him call him "Ron Nonchalantski" because he seems so cool both in his stage walk from the bullpen and in the ease with which he strolls around the mound when the situation is tight. "I seem to like it better with a couple of guys on," he says. The next time you see the Dodgers play, however, take a look into the bullpen when the pot is just beginning to come to a boil. Before he is told to begin throwing, Perranoski will be slamming a baseball into his glove as fast as he can. He knows that soon he will be needed and he loves the very idea. Behind Perranoski in the bullpen are Bob Miller (10–8), who can also start in spots. Miller had an ERA of 1.62 in relief, and in both starts and relief gave up home runs at the rate of only one every 26.7 innings. Manager Walter Alston's fourth starter may be a left-hander, either Pete Richert (5–3) or Nick Willhite (2–3). Joe Moeller, a fast-balling righty, is also a possibility. Finally, there are Phil Ortega, Larry Sherry, Dick Calmus and first-year man Paul Speckenbach, who will probably get little work.

FIELDING This is where the trouble is, and it is major. In addition to making enough errors to finish sixth in fielding, the Dodgers had terrible problems with relays and cut-off plays. The rest of the league probably will run more on the Dodgers this time. Fairly at first base and Reserve Infielder Dick Tracewski are excellent defensively, but Gilliam at second, Wills at short, Willie Davis in center, Tommy Davis in left and Roseboro behind the plate are only adequate. Howard in right is not even that. Of the two third-base candidates, rookie John Werhas has the edge in the field over Ken McMullin.

OUTLOOK Once more pitching must pull the Dodgers along, and strange things often happen to pitchers. There are six teams with a good shot at the National League pennant this year and the Dodgers are just one of them.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

Following a fine start and a bad July the Cardinals won 19 of 20 games in late August and September to finish in second place and become the talk of the baseball world.

HITTING There were five hitters in the majors last year with 200 or more hits, and the Cards had three of them—Dick Groat (.319), Bill White (.304) and Curt Flood (.302). White and Flood should hit well again, and only a sudden attack of age (33) could stop Groat. White and Ken Boyer (.285) alone accounted for 220 RBIs and 51 home runs. Charley James is an excellent line-drive hitter who seems to have added the long ball. Rookie Johnny Lewis has power too, although he is not strong against lefties. Mike Shannon is one of the most highly thought-of players in the Cardinal organization, and in brief appearances last season, many of them under pressure, he hit .308. Carl Warwick, picked up from the Colts, hits with some home run power (17 in 1962) but does not hit as an outfielder should (.256 in two and one half seasons). The speed of Flood, White and Julian Javier perks up an already tough attack.

PITCHING Manager Johnny Keane believes that he can use old Met Roger Craig and old Brave Lou Burdette (combined record, 14–35) most effectively by having them ready to go into a losing game before it gets away. Both can go long, and this experiment will be interesting because Card hitting can usually get the team back into almost any game. Right-handers Bob Gibson (18–9) and Ernie Broglio (18–8) are both fast, and Gibson's ERA of 3.39 does not reflect his talent. He was considered in the same class as Don Drysdale at the end of last year. Lefties Ray Sadecki (10–10) and Curt Simmons (15–9) will be the other two starters. Sadecki now appears much more mature than he was two seasons ago when he was sent to the minors because of "sloppy pitching." Ray Washburn, who got off to a 5–0 start last spring and then hurt his shoulder, seems to be in shape. If so, he will be a regular starter and could make this pitching staff the equal of any. Dave Bakenhaster, 19, who chews tobacco with the skill of Nellie Fox, will count against the roster and possibly get some mop-up jobs. Harry Fanok, Bobby Shantz and Ron Taylor are good relievers, and if Keane's early experiments prove unnecessary, Burdette and Craig could also be effective in short relief.

FIELDING The Cardinals have the best infield in the league. White has the range, arm and know-how at first. Javier, the flashy second baseman who played 161 games, tired a bit at the end of last season and skipped winter ball in the Dominican Republic to conserve his strength. Shortstop Groat may not be as quick as some but he plays the hitters better than anyone else. Third Baseman Boyer has quick reflexes and a powerful, accurate arm. Dal Maxvill can fill in well defensively at second, short or third but he

is not much of a hitter. The big development for the Cardinals in 1963, however, was Tim McCarver, the 22-year-old catcher. "When McCarver was put into the lineup," says Broglio, "it was a big thing, a big question. I want my catcher to call my game for me. He has to take charge. I concentrate so much that he absolutely must call my game for me. That was the question—could a youngster come into the major leagues and do that for a team in contention?" McCarver got the regular catching job when the Cards traded away Gene Oliver for Lou Burdette. He took charge as few young catchers ever have—and hit .289 as well. "I knew when I took over," says McCarver, "that it was a great opportunity, and I realized, too, that everyone was saying I was so young that it would be a problem. No one in the world realized just how young I was any better than I did, but in the big leagues age shouldn't make any difference. The big leagues do not care if you are 15 or 65 as long as you can do the job. That is the beautiful thing about baseball, and if a young fellow says to himself, 'Well, I didn't make it this time but I'm young and another year in the minors won't be too long,' then he is wrong. I knew when I got in there that I couldn't let the pitchers run all over me. You have to earn their respect, treat each and every one of them like he was your own flesh and blood. You have to be stern with them yet go along with them. You should only go out to the mound to talk to them when it is needed. You can't keep running out there and make a useless thing out of it. With some pitchers you know right away that a walk will shake them up and your job is not to let them get bothered, so you go out. When we were in the pennant drive last year and *The Star-Spangled Banner* was playing before the game, I could feel my knees tremble and my wrists shake. I kept saying, 'Don't let anyone see it, Tim; don't let on to the pitcher that you've got the shakes.' But every athlete has to have some tenseness in him to be good. I'd look at Stan Musial when he went up to hit and as great as he was and for as long as he had been around, he still had some tenseness in him. Carl Sawatski [the second-line catcher in 1963] kept talking to me and helping me on and off the field last season. He told me there was nothing to worry about, that I was doing a good job, and we went over the hitters and our pitchers together. The hard thing for a catcher is to be firm as a tiger and easy as a lamb at the same time." McCarver was both tiger and lamb, won the respect of the entire Card pitching staff and of opposing staffs, too. He learned to hit left-handed pitching by using a simple theory. "Make believe that every left-hander out there is a righty." With Stan Musial retired, the Cards must find a man to take his place in left field, and with George Altman traded to the Mets they also have to find a right fielder. Flood, the graceful center fielder, is excellent. He will probably find James flanking him in right, but goodness knows who in left. Shannon, Lewis, Warwick and Doug Clemens will all be given a chance there if the Cards cannot trade.

OUTLOOK Excellent fielding, strong hitting, better than average pitching give the Cards a good chance to win.

CONTINUED

THOUGH YOUNG AND SHAKING SCARED, TIM McCARVER MADE THE CARDINAL PITCHERS RESPECT HIM LAST YEAR

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

The 1962 pennant winners, third in 1963, have made changes they think will put them back on the road to victory.

HITTING The Giants have three hitters who can make a pitcher's teeth rattle. Willie Mays batted .314, hit 38 homers, drove in 103 runs. Willie McCovey had a .280 batting average, 102 RBIs and tied for the home run title with 44. Orlando Cepeda hit .316 with 34 homers and 97 RBIs. These three helped the Giants lead the league in homers with 197, 58 more than runner-up Milwaukee. For added destruction, the Giants have two home run hitting catchers, Tom Haller (14 in 1963) and veteran Del Crandall (170 lifetime). Yes, the Giants have power. What they lacked last season were singles. Just plain old singles to start rallies and keep rallies alive. Harvey Kuenn (.290), who needs 88 hits to reach the 2,000 mark, was a dangerous hitter last year. But slumps by three of the team's most consistent singles hitters—Chuck Hiller (down 53 points from 1962 to .223), Jim Davenport (off 45 points to .252) and Jose Pagan (a loss of 25 points to .234)—hurt badly. A productive farm system may remedy this. Ready to step into the lineup are rookies Jim Hart and Jesus Alou. Hart had a four-year minor league batting average of .339, and he hit with power. The only question is whether his hitting will be hampered by the jarring effects of his brief stay with the Giants last year, when he suffered a broken shoulder blade and later a concussion from being hit by pitched balls. Alou, who is more of a crisp line-drive hitter, had a .338 average for five minor league seasons. All three members of El Paso's hard-hitting outfield—Dick Dietz (.354, 35 HRs, 101 RBIs), Arlo Engel (.320, 41 HRs, 126 RBIs) and Jose Cardenal (.312, 36 HRs, 95 RBIs)—will be on call. Cardenal is a bolt of lightning on the bases, and speed is a commodity the Giants are short on. Their base-stealing percentage was next to the worst in the majors.

PITCHING "Anytime you have good pitching you can play ball," says Manager Alvin Dark, "and now that we have Shaw and Hendley, we're going to be tough. [Pitchers Bob Shaw and Bob Hendley and Catcher Crandall came to the Giants in a trade with the Braves for Outfielder Felipe Alou and Catcher Ed Bailey last fall.] Shaw is a great competitor. Last year one of our players hit a line drive off his shoulder. The ball bounced over to Mathews at third and he threw to first. The Milwaukee trainer comes running out, but Shaw waves him off and goes right back to pitching without even taking a warmup. He likes to pitch." Shaw also likes to talk about pitching. "When I went to the White Sox I learned to pitch," he begins. "They taught me the fundamentals: how to break my hands, how to get my elbow up, not to arch my back. There was so much I had never even heard of. Most pitchers resist this type of teaching. They've done well their own way and have no reason to feel they should change. I was willing to listen. I guess it's because I'm different. It's amazing how few people know what pitching is all about. Fantastic. I don't want to sound like a wise guy or a know-it-all. I haven't won 20 games. I'm no Koufax. I have limited ability, but by using the proper mechanics, Bob Shaw gets the most out of what he has. I was third in ERA in 1959. Two years ago I was second to Koufax." For one fleeting day, though, Bob Shaw was better than Sandy Koufax. That was in October of 1959 when Shaw won the fifth game of the World Series for the White Sox by outdueling Koufax 1-0. "I've been traded a few times and some people think this is detrimental, but it has allowed me to try out different pitching theories," Shaw points out. "I'm one of the few guys who has pitched on the same teams with both Warren Spahn and Early Wynn. From Wynn I learned to break the ball down, never parallel to the bat. I used to hang around Spahn and Wynn all I could and ask questions, questions, questions." Shaw was primarily a relief pitcher last year. Hidden behind his 7-11 record is a 2.66 ERA. "Shaw can relieve and start," says Dark. "With him around, you can do a lot of things with your staff." Now Left-hander Billy O'Dell (14-10, 3.16) will be able to take that extra rest he seems to need between starts. Hendley (9-9, 3.94), a stylish curve-ball specialist, is another left-hander and should give the staff better balance. Right-handed starters are Juan Marichal, Jack Sanford and Bob Bolin. Marichal (25-8, 2.41), who used to be a pretty mean banana picker in the Dominican Republic, is now simply the finest right-hander in either league. With his weight down to 181—the lowest of his career—Sanford (16-13, 3.52) may regain his form of 1962, when he won 24 games. When not busy reading horror comic books, Jim Duffalo (4-2, 2.88) and Don Larsen (7-7, 3.05) will pitch in relief. Joining them in the bullpen will be Ken MacKenzie, Gaylord Perry and Frank Linzy. Shoddy pitching (the team was eighth in ERA) nullified San Francisco's pennant drive in 1963, but the current staff is considerably stronger.

FIELDING The Giants must cut down on their errors (7th in the NL) and increase their double plays (9th). Unfortunately for the Giants, the bushy infield grass at Candlestick Park slows down grounders but does not stop them. If Davenport, who has shifted from third to second (replacing Hiller) and Shortstop Pagan can click on the double play and if Hart can handle third base, the Giants will not give up 95 unearned runs as they did a year ago. Only time and statistics will tell if Cepeda, whose 21 errors were by far the most of any first baseman in the NL, benefited from an accelerated spring campaign to improve his fielding. Dark can rest easy with Mays in center field, but Left Fielder McCovey, whose 14 errors led all outfielders in the majors, will give him nightmares. Jesus Alou, who will be in right field, has good speed, a howitzer of an arm and a record of having led the Pacific Coast League in errors with 14 last season. Crandall is the best mechanical catcher anywhere and Tom Haller is not far behind.

OUTLOOK The Giants, as usual, have plenty of power and their pitching appears sounder than last year. If they tighten their defense—especially around second base—the odds are good that they can regain that lost pennant.

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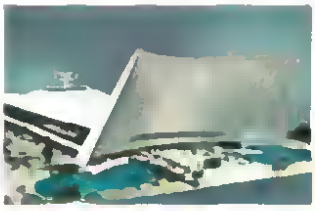

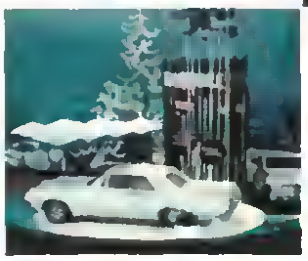

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PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

Dead last in 1961, seventh in 1962 and fourth last year, the Phils have become the National League team on the move.

HITTING The big question about Philadelphia's hitting is how much it will miss Don Demeter (51 home runs and 190 RBIs the past two seasons), traded away to the Detroit Tigers. In 1963 the Phils were third in the league in batting, slugging average and total bases. What they genuinely need, however, is a good right-handed hitter to platoon with Wes Covington (.303) in left. Covington is dangerous against right-handed pitching but is troubled by good lefties. Manager Gene Mauch probably will platoon 21-year-old Alex Johnson in left with Covington, but Johnson has had only two years in the minors. His 1963 season, however, is the one that Mauch hopes Johnson remembers—294 total bases, 108 runs, 128 RBIs, 35 homers, 28 stolen bases and a batting average of .329 in only 120 games at Twin Falls in the Pioneer League. There is a chance that the Phils will have the top-hitting rookie in the major leagues this season in Third Baseman Richie Allen, 22, who was lured out of Wampum, Pa. by heap plenty wampum ($50,000). Last year he became the first Negro to play for Little Rock, Ark. and ended up leading the International League in triples (12), homers (33), RBIs (97) and total bases (299) while hitting .289. In 10 games with the Phillies at the end of the season, he batted .292. Whoever plays shortstop alongside Allen, either Bobby Wine or Ruben Amaro, will not hit much (total RBIs between them 63), but Wine (.215) seems to have cured himself of stepping into the bucket. The right side of the infield is just about what the right side of an infield should be, with power (Roy Sievers) at first and speed (Tony Taylor) at second. Sievers, one of the few players left who ever wore the uniform of the St. Louis Browns, had 82 RBIs last year while hitting for his lowest average (.240) in 10 major league seasons. Sievers will be backed up by John Herrnstein, a left-handed batter who hit 45 homers in two International League seasons and knocked in 156 runs. Herrnstein can also play the outfield in an emergency. Taylor scored 102 runs, made 180 hits and stole 23 bases while batting .281. Tony Gonzalez is one of the hitters who will have to make up for the loss of Demeter. His home runs dropped from 20 in 1962 to four last year, but he proved the past two seasons that he is a solid .300 hitter. The hitting star of the team probably will be 25-year-old Johnny Callison, who can knock in runs (78) and hit the long ball (26 homers). Callison's growing up has been one of the most interesting developments on the Phillies. Two years ago he carried a .300 batting average into the last day of the season and asked that he be benched to protect it. "I realize now that it was the wrong thing to do," he says. "I would never do it again." Callison should hit .300 this year; he has spiced his power with slash hitting and will push an outside pitch into left instead of trying to pull it as he once did. He now is a threat to bunt at any time, and he is as fast as anyone in the league. Clay Dalrymple has learned to hit left-handed pitching a little better. Gus Triandos, picked up from Detroit in the Demeter trade, should be able to use his power in Connie Mack Stadium.

PITCHING It is surprising that the Phils were able to finish in the first division at all last year. Dennis Bennett missed the first half of the season, and Art Mahaffey (19–14 in 1962) the last. They contributed only 16 wins all year but this season should deliver 35 between them. Mahaffey, who was bothered by arm and ankle trouble, looked fine this spring. Bennett says, "There is no way they can stop me from winning 20, and I might just add three more to match my uniform number." In the Demeter trade, the Phils also obtained Jim Bunning, one of the most consistent American League pitchers over the last few seasons. In five All-Star Games against the top National League hitters he gave up only two earned runs and four hits in 14 innings. Bunning will be tough the first time around the league and should help the Phils to get off to a good start. Ray Culp, the 22-year-old righty, was 14–11 with a 2.97 ERA; Chris Short, the 26-year-old lefty, had an ERA of 2.95 and, after a bad start (1–8), closed with 8–4 through the last months of the season. Cal McLish was 13–11 last year, but he is now 38. The Phils have a lot of young pitchers behind their solid starters, and any one could make the grade. Any one could also be traded for some help in the outfield. The bullpen has Jack Baldschun (2.29 ERA and 12 saves in 65 appearances) and Johnny Klippstein (1.93 in relief), plus Ryne Duren. Available for spot starts or relief will be John Boozer (3–4, 2.93) who picked up two of his wins against the Dodgers, and Dallas Green (7–5, 3.23), who beat both the Dodgers and Cardinals twice.

FIELDING For the past two seasons the Phils have been the third-best fielding team in the National League, but when Demeter left for Detroit he took a 1.000 outfield glove with him. The loss will also hurt because of his versatility; he could play all the outfield positions as well as first and third. Wine and Amaro at shortstop are very good, and Dalrymple is becoming one of baseball's most respected catchers. There is some logic behind Allen's shift from the outfield in Little Rock to third base with the Phils—he had two good years as a shortstop in the minors. The outfield suffers when Covington is in left, but Gonzalez is dandy in center, while in right Callison is superb. "Callison," says Mauch, "is just about the complete ballplayer. There is no need to pinch-hit for him, run for him or field for him." Callison's arm is the best in the league; last year he had 26 assists, highest in the majors. Young and handsome, Callison plays the right field wall at Connie Mack Stadium to perfection and loves to throw in behind the runner who swings too wide at first. He will also stop those who try to stretch singles into doubles. Last year he made only two errors in 157 games.

OUTLOOK There is strong pitching here, better than average hitting and speed, plus some problems in the outfield that may be solved by a late trade. This season could bring the start of a winning tradition to Philadelphia.

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CINCINNATI REDS

The National League pennant winners of 1961 finished fifth last year, but the trip back up the ladder may be even faster. HITTING Cincinnati's attack, usually very powerful, fell off in 1963, but this season it should be one of the league's best. The cannon in the arsenal is Frank Robinson, but last year the cannon went pop. Robinson hit .259, with 91 RBIs and 21 home runs—not bad for most people. But Cincinnati does not pay Frank Robinson a big salary for acting like most people. Robinson has batted .342, has scored 134 runs, has hit 39 home runs and driven in 136. His failure to hit as he should, plus Joey Jay's poor pitching year, cost the Reds many games. Apart from his nonhitting, Robinson was involved in another Cincinnati problem, one that did the team no good at all. Robinson and his good friend Vada Pinson are unquestionably the stars of the team, but many Cincinnati players resented them because they too often *acted* like the stars of the team, taking fielding practice if they were in the mood, often skipping it. The Cincinnati front office thought about trading Robinson—St. Louis offered Third Baseman Ken Boyer as part of the deal—but nothing happened. If Cincinnati is to do well this year, Robinson's hitting must return to normal and he must work at creating harmony on the club. The first may be easier than the second. Vada Pinson carried the Reds' offense last year. Pinson hit .313, made 204 hits, drove in 106 runs and hit 22 home runs. It was a good Pinson year but little better than his average. In just five and a fraction season, he has made 1,011 hits, about 200 a year, and he is only 25. Gordy Coleman, like Robinson, had a poor year, except that Coleman did not have as far to fall. Coleman hit .247, drove in 59 runs and hit 14 home runs, half as many as the year before. The Reds are counting on him to provide more power in an attack that was sixth in home runs last year. John Edwards should hit a few more homers, too. Last year he had 11, while batting .259. Tommy Harper and Pete Rose both had good rookie years, Harper hitting .260, Rose .273. Bob Skinner, the old Pirate, was swinging the bat well in spring training and may be ready to give the Reds a few of the timely hits he was known for in Pittsburgh. Leo Cardenas fell to .235 after a strong .294 the year before. He should be better. Chico Ruiz hit .298 at San Diego, is very fast and likes to bunt a lot.

PITCHING Potentially, Cincinnati has the best pitching in the major leagues, and the chances of realizing that potential this season are extremely good. Manager Fred Hutchinson has six starters, four of whom are big winners. King of the hill last season was Jim Maloney, a strong, hard-throwing right-hander who won 23 games and had a

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FRANK ROBINSON CAN LEAD THE REDS BACK, BUT HE MUST ASSUME MORE RESPONSIBILITY AND ACT LESS LIKE A STAR.

2.77 ERA. Maloney struck out 265 batters in 250 innings, the only pitcher in the league, Sandy Koufax included, to strike out better than one hitter an inning. Only 23, Maloney is ready to conquer the world. The Reds have another big right-hander in Joey Jay, a 21-game winner in 1961 and 1962 but a major disappointment last year. He himself attributes his 7–18 record to experimenting too often with new pitches. It was a costly mistake. But Jay can pitch; he knows it, and so do the National League hitters. At 28, Jay is almost certain to return to form. Another Cincinnati failure last year was Bob Purkey, who had won 23 games in 1962. Purkey hurt his arm in spring training last year and never fully recovered, finishing with a 6–10 record. Purkey is not a hard thrower; he relies on control and an assortment of curves. Before last year he had averaged 17 wins a season in five years with Cincinnati, and the Reds hope he can approach that figure again. The leading left-hander on the staff is Jim O'Toole, who has never won 20 games—just 19 and 17 and 16. But O'Toole is only 27 years old, so it seems just a question of time before he wins 20 or more. Behind the big four are Joe Nuxhall and John Tsitouris—and not far behind at that. Nuxhall amazed everyone by completing a successful return from the minors and apparent retirement last year. He won 15 games and had an ERA of 2.61. For years he had a temperament problem, but at 35 he has finally learned self-control. Tsitouris (pronounced Suh-*tour*-is)—had a spotty career in the minors and the American League before he joined Cincinnati late in 1962. He was 12–8 last year, pitching three complete games to end the season and winning them 3–1, 1–0 and 3–0. It may have been a preview of 1964. Fighting for the few remaining positions on the pitching staff are several young men and several not so young. Sammy Ellis, 23, was 12–10 at San Diego. Bill McCool, a first-year man, is 19 and was 5–13 with a poor Tampa club, but his ERA was 2.01. Promoted to San Diego, he was 4–0. Al Worthington, Bill Henry and Chet Nichols, all well over 30, will be doing what relief work is needed. There may not be much.

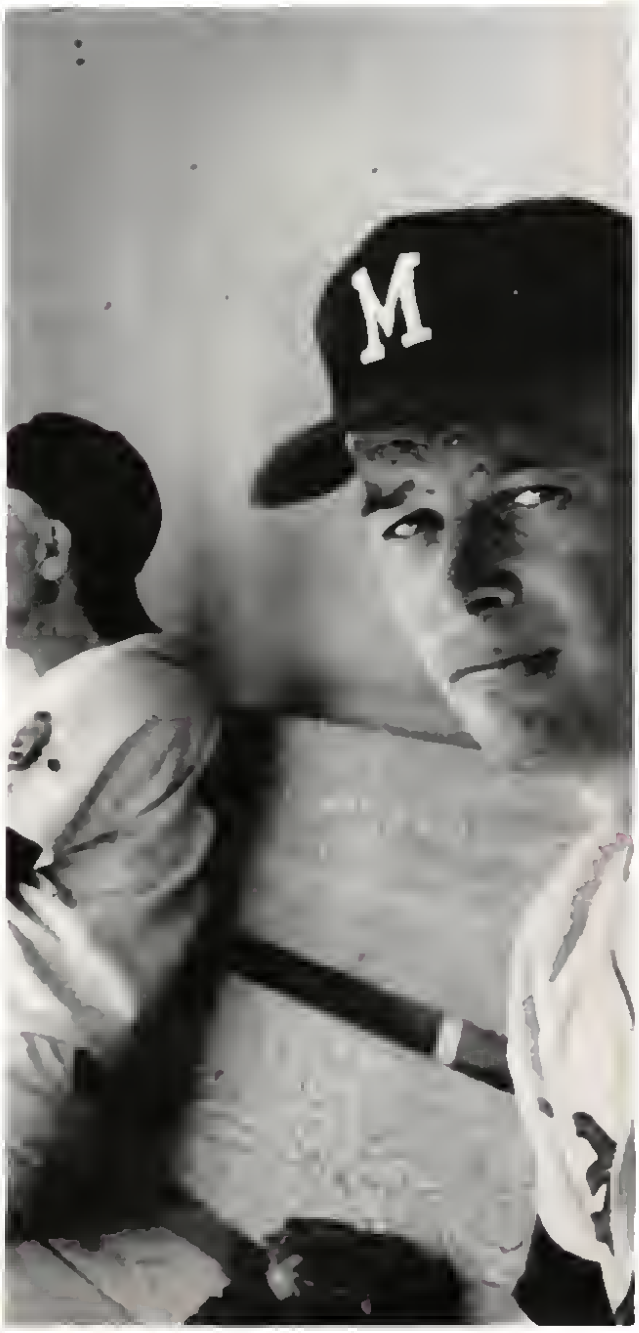
FIELDING Cincinnati will not win any gold medals on defense, but good pitching will lessen that burden. Catcher Edwards, a bull, is good and getting better. The infield is poor. Coleman at first base would sooner wrestle a live bear than a tricky ground ball. Sometimes that is what he seems to be doing. Second Baseman Rose, Rookie of the Year, won the award for his hitting. Cardenas at short does not waken memories of Eddie Miller, but he is adequate. Who will play third base is a Cincinnati problem. Harper? Ruiz? Harper, the worse fielder but the better hitter, has the edge so far. The outfield of Skinner in left, Pinson in center and Robinson in right is not bad, with the fleet Pinson covering the ground Skinner cannot. If Harper plays right field, Robinson will move to left.

OUTLOOK This is a very good team. With all of last year's troubles, it still finished only two games out of third place. The expected improvement of Frank Robinson and Joey Jay could lift Cincinnati to the top of the league.

MILWAUKEE BRAVES

In 1963 the Braves fell from the first division for the first time since they moved to Milwaukee, but that may be deceptive. They were third with only 17 games left in the season.

HITTING Second only to the Giants in power, the Braves upgraded themselves by trading for two of San Francisco's home run hitters, Felipe Alou and Ed Bailey.



TWO OF THE BEST OLD BRAVES, EDDIE MATHEWS AND HENRY AARON, FLANK THE BEST NEW ONE, FELIPE ALOU.

They gave up a lot of pitching to make the deal, but Alou, the handsome Dominican, can make the Braves a contender. He faded a bit last year, mostly because he hit so poorly in Candlestick Park, but it was only a year ago that Giant Manager Alvin Dark called him "the second-best outfielder in the league. After you get past Mays, he's as good as anybody." This winter the Giants thought another Alou, brother Jesus, would be even better than Felipe, so they took the Braves' trade offer. Playing together on the same Dominican team when the trade was announced, Right Fielder Felipe and Center Fielder Jesus just switched positions—Felipe knew that when he moved to Milwaukee he moved to center. The Braves have not had a good center fielder since they traded Billy Bruton three years ago. Alou originally was a center fielder, but he had to move to right when he got on Mays's team. He has played right so long now he actually prefers it, but no matter—so does Henry Aaron. Alou, Aaron, and a left fielder, too! The Braves had been running through left fielders like crazy, when all of a sudden a perennial hopeful, Lee Maye, became an overnight sensation last June. Coach Dixie Walker told Maye just to let his bat lie on his shoulder while waiting for the pitch, and he immediately began to connect. He hit .292 from then on and, coincidence or not, the Braves' late collapse came when Maye was hurt and out of the lineup. These three give the Braves not only a power-hitting outfield (75 HRs, 44 by Aaron) but a fast one. They stole 56 bases in only 65 attempts last year (Aaron had 31 out of 36), and Alou and Maye particularly can be counted on for more running this season. Milwaukee has five more

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players who hit home runs in double figures last year: Bailey, Eddie Mathews, Gene Oliver, Dennis Menke and Joe Torre. Mathews hit only 23, and there was much public agitation about his having a bad year. The fact is that he was on base only 10 times less than Aaron, and Aaron was the best offensive player in the majors. Torre is only 23 years old and is the best-hitting catcher in the league (.293, 14 HRs, 71 RBIs). Menke now appears more capable of hitting to all fields, and a higher average may win him a starting spot. But the biggest boost should come from Alou, who has always hit well in County Stadium.

PITCHING Warren Spahn returns to lead the staff that led the league in complete games because Spahn led the staff. He just passed the $1 million mark in baseball salary and, as has become customary, in the weeks and months ahead he will be passing such people as Christy Mathewson and Eddie Plank and Grover Alexander in various alltime categories. Hedging against old age, Spahn is now developing a curve ball, an interesting diversion for a man who will be 43 in two weeks. The rest of the staff can be characterized as promising anonymities, but the Braves are sure that enough of them are ready. Best of the bunch so far has been left-hander Denny Lemaster (11–14, 3.04). He set a Milwaukee strikeout record last year, although he does not throw as fast as two other young pitchers—Tony Cloninger (9–11, 3.79) and Hank Fischer (4–3, 4.99). A fourth, Bob Sadowski (5–7, 2.62), features a slider over the fast stuff. All need better changeups and improved control. Knuckleballer Bob Tiefenauer, 34, was rescued from the minors on August 11 and took over the Braves' bullpen. Coach Walker figured out that Tiefenauer's knuckler could be controlled only when he was too tired to be sharp, so the Braves keep him pitching—and exhausted—all the time. Frank Funk and Jack Smith, drafted from the Dodgers, back up Tiefenauer for short relief, along with rookie Knucklehaller Phil Niekro. Billy Hoeft, coming back from a serious shoulder separation, is fighting for a spot-start chance along with a six-figure bonus boy, Dan Schneider. The ominous truth in a nutshell: Fischer was the only pitcher on the whole 1963 staff with a better-than-.500 record—except, of course, Spahn.

FIELDING Versatile, and also just plain good and steady, the Braves led the league last year. There are no weak spots. Torre is the key to the flexibility; he can catch and play first, both equally well. Oliver will be at first when Torre is behind the plate; against some right-handed pitchers, Manager Bobby Bragan will move Torre to first and use left-handed-hitting Catcher Bailey. Menke can play five positions and is a threat to almost every starter. Shortstop Roy McMillan and Second Baseman Frank Bolling are a bit slower now, but still form a fine double-play team. Mathews is back home at third after casual experiments in left field. Strong-armed rookie Woody Woodward and Mike de la Hoz provide late-inning infield defense, and Ty Cline and rookie Rico Carty make adequate outfield replacements.

OUTLOOK Unless all the kid pitchers flop, the Braves could move back into the first division, and, incidentally, bring a few of those old fans back to County Stadium.

CHICAGO CUBS

Not since 1946 have the Chicago Cubs finished in the first division. No other team in the major leagues (excluding expansion clubs) can make that depressing statement.

HITTING Asked what his main concern was for the 1964 season, Owner Philip K. Wrigley replied, "Washrooms in Wrigley Field." More washrooms would be nice, but what the Cubs need most are a few dirty old hitters. For the Cubs to reach the first division they will have to hit more (their .238 ranked 17th in the majors) and score more (they also were 17th in scoring). Their chances for a stronger offense rest with two first basemen, Ernie Banks and rookie John Boccabella. Banks, now 33, had alltime personal lows of 18 home runs, 64 RBIs and a .227 batting average last season, a slump that was caused, it is believed, by a case of subclinical mumps and a blood infection. It was a trying year for Banks off the field as well. His wife underwent major surgery in May. "I almost lost her," Banks says. "Thank God it all worked out." His wife's hospitalization also helped Ernie. "The doctor talked to me one day," Banks says. "He told me he watched our games on TV and he thought I was having trouble hitting because I wasn't concentrating. That afternoon I tried to concentrate more. I went three for three and got a walk." His streak continued until he had gone 12 for 26. But Ernie's problem was deeper than that. It was not long before he was caught up in another slump because of his illness. Those were long, painful days for Banks ("I didn't feel alive"), and what made them worse was that he knew that if he had been hitting like the Ernie Banks of old the Cubs would finally have moved out of the second division. Should Banks continue to have trouble at the plate, Boccabella will take over. Boccabella joined the team last September after just 10 weeks of professional experience. At Pocatello—yes, Boccabella from Pocatello—he batted .365 and in just 84 games had 92 RBIs and 30 homers. As a man and a player, Boccabella is a worthy successor to Banks. "He is," says Third Baseman Ron Santo, "the most modest person I have ever met. And the best part is that he's Italian." Boccabella, 22, is a solidly built 200-pounder who stands 6 feet 1. Undoubtedly, his hitting would benefit from another season of sharpening in the minors. Still, he gave every indication this spring that he will do at least an adequate job if he fills in for Banks. Another promising rookie is Billy Cowan, who was one of the top minor league players last season, having hit .315, 25 homers and knocked in 120 runs at Salt Lake City. But he also struck out 148 times. Other newcomers who might stick are Paul Popovich (.313, 17 HRs, 60 RBIs with Amarillo) and Jim Stewart (.264 for Salt Lake City and .297 in 13 games with the Cubs). Back for another try are Bob Will (.370 for Salt Lake City) and Ken Aspromonte (.236 for Salt Lake City). The offense will rely mainly, though, on smooth-swinging Billy Williams (.286, 25 HRs,

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95 RBIs) and Santo (.297, 25 HRs, 99 RBIs). Only late-season slumps have kept Williams from hitting .300 in each of the past two years. Merritt Ranew, who saw here-and-there service, batted .338. Lou Brock (.258) put his speed to good use, scoring 79 runs and stealing 24 bases.

PITCHING Only one other major league team allowed fewer walks than the Cubs last year, and only three had a better ERA than Chicago's 3.08. Left-hander Dick Ellsworth rebounded from 20 losses in 1962 and put together a 22–10 record. His 2.10 ERA was the second best in the majors. Larry Jackson had a 2.55 ERA and 14 victories but was victimized by lack of hitting. The Cubs scored only 29 runs in his 18 defeats. Also starting will be Bob Buhl (11–14, 3.38) and Glen Hobbie (7–10, 3.93). For two years Hobbie used a no-windup delivery to protect his injured back. This spring he went back to his normal style, regained his curve and looked much like the same Hobbie who won 16 games in both 1959 and 1960. If Fred Norman's curve ball retains any resemblance to the one he threw in the minors, Cub opponents may have trouble believing their eyes. Norman is a 21-year-old left-hander, built like Bobby Shantz, who in two and a half minor league seasons struck out 532 men in 417 innings. His record for Binghamton showed 13 wins, 14 losses, a 3.09 ERA and 258 strikeouts in 198 innings, and he should fit right into an already impressive Cub pitching staff. Fork Baller Lindy McDaniel (13–7, 2.86 and 21 saves in 57 games) and Don Elston (4–1, 2.83 in 51 games) are outstanding relief pitchers.

FIELDING How much the tragic death of Kenny Hubbs means to the team can never be told by statistics. Hubbs was one of the most gifted second basemen in the game, but although he is gone he may still be an asset to his teammates. "We had a meeting this spring," Santo says, "and we decided Kenny wouldn't want us to feel sorry for him. We felt he would want us to try our hardest, and that's just what we're going to do." Upon the young shoulders of Popovich, 23, or Stewart, 24, may fall the burden of replacing Hubbs. Popovich did not get out of the Army until late March, but of the two he is the better fielder, especially on the double play. Another possibility at second base is the old Giant bonus baby (1954), Joey Amalfitano, who was obtained from Tacoma after working out with the Angels this spring. Joey is a superior gloveman at second, short or third, but a weak bat has kept him from winning a regular job all these years. Shortstop Andre Rodgers' 35 errors were the third highest total for any big leaguer at any position. In compensation he took part in more double plays than any other shortstop. Santo has few peers at third. Banks does a workmanlike job at first, and Boccabella is already a fine fielder. Long workouts with Manager Bob Kennedy helped transform Brock from a bungler into a capable right fielder. Williams does a good job in left, and Cowan has the speed to be a fine center fielder. Of the three catchers—Jim Schaffer, Dick Bertell and Ranew—only Schaffer is adequate defensively.

OUTLOOK To reach the first division this year, the Cubs must hit right to the end, for 25 of their last 32 games are against the Dodgers, Cardinals, Giants and Reds.

PITTSBURGH PIRATES

There was plenty of good pitching in Pittsburgh last year, yet the Pirates fell to eighth, winning 74 and losing 88—proving that pitching is, after all, only 45.7% of baseball.

HITTING Only two Pirate hitters lived up to expectations last year. Bill Virdon had his usual season (.269, 53 RBIs), and Roberto Clemente was second in the league with his .320. The Pirates will tell you that even Roberto was disappointing, because every spring they expect him to hit .450. "Some people think Roberto is not aggressive enough," says General Manager Joe Brown. "I think he may have lost his *joie de vivre*, his love of the game, but that's all. Everything went wrong with us. In effect we snowballed downhill. Well, this affected Roberto most—he felt it and showed it because he *is* such a competitor that he got even more wrapped up in the team's troubles." Clemente, of course, had a good season. It was the others who hurt the team. Bob Bailey was one. Bailey is the young man who signed with the Pirates at something like the going price for an Atlas missile. Jumped to Triple-A in 1962—his first full pro season—he blossomed by June and ended up as minor league Player of the Year. Pittsburgh was clamoring to see this kid. "What could we do?" asks Brown. "Say, 'O.K., Sonny, go back to the minors and have a really good year' ?" So the Pirates cleared out Don Hoak, gave Bailey third base and for good measure made him the spearhead of a bona fide turnover. It was disastrous. Donn Clendenon and Willie Stargell both struck out too much—one out of every four plate appearances. Catcher Jim Pagliaroni's average went down with injuries, and Dick Schofield—who performed well at short—tailed off at the end of the season when the whole Pirate club really collapsed. All of them could improve significantly this year. Old Hand Bill Mazeroski can hit for distance now and then—but he is badly miscast as a cleanup man (8 home runs and 52 RBIs last year). That is how desperate for power the Pirates were. The team does have two of the best pinch hitters in baseball, Jerry Lynch and Smoky Burgess. Neither fields well, but when they come up with men on base, beware. What the Pirates need most, however, are players who can average more than one hit a game, and young Bailey should be able to do that. He hurt his left shoulder last spring, was late getting started, panicked and pressed. He tried swinging for the fences—which is particularly fatal in Forbes Field—and ended up with only 12 homers and a .228 average. "It took a little wind out of my sails, didn't it?" Bailey asks rhetorically. It was suggested that he had not seemed cocky last spring. "Oh, I was, I was," he said. But if the bad year cured his cockiness, it did not destroy his confidence. He also will be prodded this year—which is something he needs—by Gene Freese, who was acquired from the Reds to provide third-base competition. The third-base battle also has been joined by Gene Alley,

continued

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who began hitting in the winter league and continued through spring training. Alley can play short, second, third and outfield. The Pirates also had Bailey working in the outfield this spring, but Bailey is determined to start where he left off—at third—Freese and Alley notwithstanding. One bad year has not changed what everyone said last spring—that Bob Bailey has tremendous talent.

PITCHING Pittsburgh's pitching may be even better this year. Vernon Law's 1963 comeback ended last August, but the enforced rest seems to have restored elasticity to his arm. There is substantial evidence to suggest that Bob Veale is finally ready. Veale, a 28-year-old left-hander, long had the strange habit of arbitrarily taking something off his pitches. Manager Danny Murtaugh cured him of this by pitching him in relief, where it was inadvisable to throw any way but hard. Veale pitched only 78 innings, but most came late in the season. He was the only pitcher to beat the Cardinals during their 19-for-20 streak—and what's more, he shut them out. Veale ended up with a spectacular 1.04 ERA, and this season he will be a starter. He joins three right-handed holdovers—Bob Friend (17-16 and 2.34, the best ERA in the league by a right-hander), Don Cardwell (13-15, 3.07) and Don Schwall (6-12, 3.32). All suffered numerous painful low-scoring defeats, and Schwall was further hampered by a back spasm. Joe Gibbon and Earl Francis both have a good year in their records and both have a chance to break into the regular rotation. For short relief ElRoy Face is still able, but Alvin O'Neal McBean (13-3, 2.58) is now abler. Young Tommie Sisk came on fast last year, and he will start and relieve. All three got plenty of work—at least 55 appearances apiece—since the Pirates were last in the league with only 34 complete games. This was, however, the fault of the nonhitters rather than the pitchers.

FIELDING Bailey exemplified what is so often the case, nonhitting breeds nonfielding. Last season only the Mets were worse than the Pirates at catching and throwing a baseball. "We know Bob can go either way and as far as any third baseman in the league," Murtaugh says. "We saw him do it—sometimes. All he lacks is consistency." Bailey himself admits the fault, saying he needs more concentration. He also admits to having been bullheaded in refusing to use anything but the Raggedy Ann glove that he first acquired back in high school. It is a shiny new glove that Bob Bailey spits into now. The Pirates are strong up the middle, particularly at short and second, where Schofield and Mazeroski hold sway. Schofield does not have the instincts of Dick Groat, the man he replaced last year, but he has better range and a stronger arm. Catcher Pagliaroni and Center Fielder Virdon are good, too, but Virdon is almost 33, and center field at Forbes Field is big enough to get lost in. Right Fielder Clemente made 11 errors, mainly because he charges every ball and gets a glove on almost everything. No one even bothers to challenge his powerful arm anymore. Stargell, 20 pounds lighter, will help the outfield defense as the regular left fielder.

OUTLOOK Though the Pirates lack power they should hit more singles than last year—but not enough, even with good pitching, to make the team a pennant contender.

HOUSTON COLT .45s

The Houston Colt .45s still resemble boy scouts, but this year, as last, the middle-aged set will do most of the work.

HITTING Last season the Colts hit .220, with only 62 home runs—which is very little indeed. Pete Runnels won the American League batting title in 1962, then came to Houston and hit .253. Johnny Weekly was leading the Pacific Coast League at .363 when the Colts brought him up. He hit .225, after getting injured almost as soon as he joined the team. Weekly will be platooned in right with Walt Bond, a perennial spring phenom, who was bought from Cleveland. More help came from the White Sox in Nellie Fox. He is a top hit-and-run man, and his ability to move a runner along should be particularly vital to the Colts' singles attack. Al Spangler had back-to-back .280 seasons and is set at lead-off. Then there are the kids. John Bateman, 21, led the team with 10 home runs and 59 RBIs. He is slow and swings at too many bad pitches, but he is very determined. Just in from St. Louis is 24-year-old Jim Beauchamp, who has played both infield and outfield. Beauchamp has a weak arm, the result of an injury, but he appears to be a hitter. Last year with Tulsa he batted .337, with 105 RBIs and 31 home runs. If Beauchamp can approach those statistics at Houston, he will play, even if he has two bad arms. One of Houston's best young players may turn out to be Jim Wynn, 22, who was drafted from the Cincinnati farm system (.290, 14 home runs, 81 RBIs with Tampa) in 1962. Wynn, a compact 160-pounder with speed and surprising power, is expected to improve on the .244 batting average he had in 70 games last year. But Houston's golden boy is Rusty Staub. He has a fine eye, a smooth swing and looks like the best of the Colt kids, even if he did hit only .224 last year. "He was still the most consistent hitter on our team," Manager Harry Craft says. "It seems like every ball he hit went right at somebody. He was unlucky all season long." Staub also had trouble hitting the low pitch and, in fact, his only hitting goal for 1964 is "to pick up on the low ones." The rest should follow, for he is a mature young man, with an exceptional perspective for his age. "When I went to Houston last year," he says, "I had a good spring and people thought they were getting Musial, Williams and Mantle combined. Then all of a sudden they found that all they had was a 19-year-old kid who didn't know a thing." It is not Staub's fault but, despite his powerful build—he is 6 feet 2 inches, 200 pounds and still growing—he looks like a 19-year-old kid. He has red hair and freckles and a painful susceptibility to sunburn. Women in Houston mother Staub. They are always asking him home for dinner, as if he had come over from New Orleans to visit an aunt, not to play major league baseball. But Staub is a major leaguer, one with the posture and personality to someday lead a contender under that big dome. "No, I don't think I'll ever go back to the minors,"

Rusty Staub says, admitting that he never even thought about it before. "I know I am a boy with the breaks, but I think you have to grab the opportunity whenever it comes. I'm here, and I don't think I'll ever play in the minnrs again. I mean—I don't intend to. That doesn't sound too cocky, does it?" Not if you can hit a low pitch.

PITCHING Kid pitchers usually develop before kid hitters, and that is particularly true when General Manager Paul Richards is involved. But, strangely, this has not been the .45s' case. Chris Zachary, 20 (2–2, 4.89 ERA), is the only minor who appears to have any chance to help the team now, but if he does not make the starting rotation he will be farmed out to get some steady employment. The sure starters are led by 30-year-old Turk Farrell (14–13, 3.03). His best pitch is still his fast ball, but Farrell also has a good slip pitch—the little hors d'oeuvre that Richards offers all his older pitchers. Ken Johnson, 30, a knuckleballer who has about 10 other pitches with about 18 different deliveries, returns after a season of 11–17—and an ERA of 2.65, 10th best in the league. The Houston hitters chose to leave Johnson entirely to his own devices. Don Nottebart (11–8, 3.17, with a no-hitter included) should also win a starting spot, with Zachary, Hal Brown, Dave Giusti, Bob Bruce or Jim Owens the other possibilities. Brown had the best control in the majors—eight walks in 141 innings. There is, however, nary a left-hander in all that bunch. The only one on the team is Hal Woodeschick, a reliever. Woodeschick found control last year and went on to make the All-Star team and post an 11–9, 1.97 record with eight saves. To help Woodeschick there is Claude Raymond, the only player obtained by the Colts in the special draft for expansion teams last October. This is not the most talented staff in history, but it is a smart bunch that makes opponents scramble for runs. The .45s gave up fewer bases on balls and fewer home runs than any other staff in the majors.

FIELDING Staub still has much to learn in the field. Chances are that, with Fox taking over second, Runnels will go to first, hit better and send Staub to the outfield. The outfield, whatever the personnel, is the weakest part of the Houston defense. For example, Wynn, a converted infielder, will probably open the season in center field. Bateman became a fine catcher by the end of his rookie season. He can do almost everything well, even handling the veterans and catching the knucklers from Johnson and Brown. In the infield, Third Baseman Bob Aspromonte had a bad back last season and his whole game suffered. Recovered, he can again rank in the top echelon at his position. At his best, the incumbent shortstop, Bob Lillis, is better than newcomer Eddie Kasko (from the Reds), but Lillis needs a lot of rest and Kasko will outhit him. Lillis will make a good utility man. In fact, everyone on the Colts must be at least part utility man. Although a special ruling allows the expansion clubs to farm out four first-year players without danger of having them drafted, Houston will still be playing with only 21 bona fide major leaguers.

OUTLOOK This is still a building year in Houston, for ball teams and for domed stadiums. The stadium will be ready in the fall. The ball team will take a little longer.

NEW YORK METS

In their brief, hapless history, the Mets have finished 20th, as Manager Casey Stengel likes to say—10th each year.

HITTING Stengel wants to cram his lineup with as many good hitters as possible and the devil with fielding. Frank Thomas has been No. 1 in runs batted in for two years, but his total last year—60—was embarrassingly low for a team leader. Thomas is a powerful right-handed hitter and, although, at 34, his future is behind him, he should be good for a few more runs this year. Duke Snider, at 37, is still a dangerous hitter when used sparingly and against right-handed pitching. There are pennant contenders in both leagues that would love to have him, and someone may get him yet. But with the Mets, Duke must play as often as he can—which is why last year he hit only .243. The man the Mets are counting on to lead them out of the wilderness is George Altman, a tall left-handed hitter acquired in a trade with St. Louis. Altman did not produce last year for the Cardinals, but he proved himself with the Cubs in 1961 and 1962, during which time he hit 49 home runs, drove in 170 and averaged .311. Such figures are foreign to the Mets. Jesse Gonder has also proved he can hit when he plays, but his nine-year baseball career shows very few full seasons. Last year with Cincinnati and the Mets, he hit .304, but he batted only 158 times. His poor fielding limits him. The Mets reached into a hat last year and pulled out Ron Hunt, an aggressive second baseman who hit .272 and led the team in runs scored with 64. Jim Hickman has some power and hits well in short bursts, but the bursts are followed by long periods of silence. Ed Kranepool is only 19, so it would be unfair to draw a conclusion from last year's .209 average. He will grow. So will 21-year-old Bill Haas, who hit .301 at Albuquerque last year. Haas will be fighting Dick Smith (.262 with Buffalo) and Tim Harkness (.211) for the first-base job. A third name for the futures list is Ron Swoboda, 19, a husky outfielder who acted like Henry Aaron in spring training until the pitchers got serious. The rest of the Met hitters trail off into the sunset.

PITCHING If there is a diamond in the Mets' coal pile, it is the pitching staff. Left-hander Al Jackson could pitch for any team in the majors. Last year he won 13 games, a monumental feat for a team that was 51-111. Jackson is 28, slightly built and well coordinated. He fields and bunts well, two assets to his pitching. An articulate man, he can discuss the problems of pitching for the Mets without rancor. "You've got to bear down from the start with the Mets," says Jackson. "If you pitch for a team that scores a lot of runs, and you put runners on base in the first inning, you don't worry too much if one of them scores. You'll get it back and more. But with the Mets, you can't let anybody score. One run may be it. But I wouldn't have

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it any other way. I like pitching in New York." Jackson has no outstanding pitch. His fast ball, curve and slider are all effective. This spring he simply worked on his control, which is fair but could be better. "I'd like to be able to put the ball exactly where I want to," he says. "Like Spahn." Carl Willey was 9–14 last year with a 3.10 ERA, a good season. This spring he looked even better, pitching 22 consecutive scoreless innings until a batted ball broke his jaw. Such accidents have ruined pitchers before, notably Herb Score. Thus Willey becomes a major question mark, out for a month—or a year. The Mets have other seasoned pitchers, people like Tracy Stallard, Jay Hook, Galen Cisco and, in from Baltimore via San Francisco, Jack Fisher. But it is the youngsters who offer the promise of better days tomorrow. Grover Powell pitched a shutout in his first start for the Mets last August, then was injured. Powell is 23. Four young Mets struck out over 200 batters in the minors last year. Ron Locke, 22, struck out 249 with Auburn, with the same team, Bruce Wilson, 23, struck out 214. Dick Selma struck out 211 for Salinas, Rich Gardner 213 for Orlando. Selma is 20, Gardner 19. All are fast, but the fastest of all, Jerry Hinsley, 19, pitched for no one last year. Reluctant to put him on their roster, the Pittsburgh Pirates tried to hide Hinsley by assigning him to Kingsport and keeping him on the bench. He played not an inning all year, but this winter the Mets drafted him anyway. Naturally not all these young pitchers will make the majors this year, but those who do may cause a little stir around the National League. For relief the Mets have Larry Bearnarth, who had a 3.43 ERA in 58 games, and Ed Bauta, who won a position on the Met staff with his pitching in spring training.

FIELDING Three-quarters of the infield—Harkness or Haas, when they play first base, Hunt at second and Amado Samuel at short—field well, although how much Samuel will play depends on how long he can hit above, say, .220. If Stengel plays Frank Thomas at third base, the Mets' chain of defense will have a papier-mâché link. Spring training exposed Thomas as a left-fielding third baseman. His arm was wild and he had trouble with bunts. And why not? Thomas has spent a major part of his 12-year career in the outfield. Chances are Stengel will use a parade of people at third—Thomas, Pumpsie Green, Hickman. He may even trade for a third baseman, using Thomas as the lure. The outfield of Snider, Hickman and Altman, with Kranepool, Joe Christopher, Duke Carmel and possibly rookie Larry Elliot on standby, is little better than run of the mill. Gonder makes a lot of mistakes as a catcher—which is why Stengel will probably keep Bob (Hawk) Taylor, who can catch and play outfield. Lastly, no Met team would be complete without Hot Rod Kanehl, a Jack-of-all-trades who is the very mirror of the Mets.

OUTLOOK If some of the young hard-throwing Met pitchers come through and if the hitters score more runs than the butter-fingered fielders allow, the Mets have a fighting chance for ninth. Or, as Stengel would say, 29th.

CONTINUED

LITTLE AL JACKSON PITCHED, FIELDED AND BUNTED HIS WAY TO 13 OF THE METS' 51 VICTORIES LAST SEASON.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NEW YORK YANKEES

Pretend that one year everything went wrong for the Yankees: sore arms, broken bones, pulled muscles and, oh, say, a bullet wound. That would finish the Yankees, right? Wrong. It all happened last year and the Yankees won the pennant more easily than at any time in the past 16 years.

HITTING Astonishingly, almost all of the Yankee hitters slumped last year. Even Joe Pepitone, in a fine first season as a regular (.271 BA, 27 HRs), did little more than equal Bill Skowron's 1962 performance. Elston Howard (.287) hit more homers (28) and made MVP, but his RBIs fell off. Three of the starting lineup—Tom Tresh, Bobby Richardson and Clete Boyer—were all down in three important categories—average, RBIs and runs scored, and Shortstop Tony Kubek hit only .257, worst of his career. Kubek, a lead-off man who has never received enough walks, drew only 34 last year. Indeed, it was only the two big men—Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris—who hit as expected, but injuries kept them out of the lineup a large part of the season. Mantle felt good this spring, but it was not long before a bone bruise became his first official injury of the season. The bruise in itself was minor, but it was a solemn reminder that at any time this marvelous athlete may end up in the hospital instead of center field. Otherwise the Yankees are all healthy. Maris looks and feels just fine now. Pepitone is carrying more weight, but carrying it well, and both he and Tresh are capable of more power. There should be more good years than bad ones, and to push the starters, there are still Johnny Blanchard (a left-handed hitter) and Hector Lopez (a right-handed hitter) on the bench. Gone only is Manager Yogi Berra's clutch bat.

PITCHING Since things should, logically, go well for a change, the Yankees are letting the kids take care of themselves. In the Bronx version of *Lord of the Flies*, Larry Berra becomes manager and young Ed Ford becomes pitching coach. Ford's job should be the tougher, for he will also continue to pitch—a dual role that places him squarely in double jeopardy. So far, though, the fears have only been for his pitching. Will Coach Ford, trying to get, say, Al Downing out of a slump, end up getting Pitcher Ford into one? If so, the Yanks will have lost a big gamble. The winningest-percentage pitcher of all time (199-78, .718 with a 2.78 ERA), Ford, 35, seems to be getting better and had perhaps his finest all-round season last year, when he was 24-7 with a 2.74 ERA. Johnny Sain, his predecessor as

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COACH WHITEY FORD SHOWS PITCHER WHITEY FORD AND SOME YOUNGER YANKEE PITCHERS HOW TO COVER FIRST.

coach, wishes Ford all the best. "Whitey is a good friend," Sain says. "I felt I influenced him a little, and I learned a tremendous lot from him. The players respect him. I've never heard of a pitching coach who takes his turn, but Whitey should come as close to adapting himself as anyone I know." Ford's own fears are minimal, and, in fact, he thinks the most difficult time will have been in spring training. At Fort Lauderdale the transition from Coach Ford to Pitcher Ford was as smooth as Clark Kent to Superman—just the matter of taking off his watch. To be a good pitching coach, Ford has the credentials—brains and his own good assortment of learned pitches. Ford has also done a good job of extracurricular coaching in the past. He has not been the type to press his knowledge upon others but, when asked, he proved most helpful. "When I talk pitching with Whitey," says Steve Hamilton—a reliever who has a master's degree and teaches a course in "baseball techniques" at Morehead State (Ky.) College—"I don't do much talking. I listen." The Yanks have good listeners and good pitchers for Whitey; seven of them, besides Ford himself, have won at least 13 games in a season. Off last year's record the two fast-ball kids, Jim Bouton (21–7, 2.53) and Al Downing (13–5, 2.56 after being recalled June 6) look solid. Ralph Terry (17–15, 3.22) makes the best fourth starter in the league. Terry staggered a bit when he lost his hard curve last year but thinks he found the key to getting it back in, of all places, the World Series bullpen. Another reclamation project is Bill Stafford, who showed up fat and happy last spring, then hurt his arm in his first start and wasn't of much use after that. Down 29 pounds, Stafford looks fit to snap back. Then there is also Rollie Sheldon, 15–1 as a rookie in 1960. Since then, as his control mysteriously evaporated, Sheldon faded back to the minors. After spring training this year he was shipped out again, but he may be back to press the incumbents. And don't forget Stan Williams (9–8, 3.21, which is not too bad) or Bud Daley, now apparently cured by a bone-chip-removal operation. Both can start or relieve long. The short bullpen is good, complete and young with chubby right-hander Hal Reniff and lanky lefty Hamilton. There is no Luis Arroyo or even a Marshall Bridges (the one who was shot in the leg), but a big rookie named Pete Mikkelsen was 11–6 and

1.47 at Augusta and may turn out to be the sleeper that usually pops up in the Yankee camp.

FIELDING "Look, we have 50 guys," Yogi says proudly, in his own way of referring to the team's versatility. Indeed, it is the Yankees' depth afield that is most impressive—especially if someone should get hurt in the midst of the pennant race. Everybody can play everywhere, and reasonably well, too. With Phil Linz and Harry Bright, the Yankees have an extremely versatile one-two utility punch, and even a rookie candidate like Pedro Gonzales can play infield or outfield. The starters all rank high. As an outfield, Mantle, Maris and Tresh can all run, all catch and all throw —which is all there is to playing the outfield. With Pepitone improving at first, the Yankee infield has become the best in baseball. Howard is a fine defensive catcher, and Blanchard should improve now that he can concentrate on catching without having to moonlight in the outfield.

OUTLOOK The Yankees are solid in every way. The pennant should be a breeze for Yogi and pal Whitey.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX

The Go-Go White Sox—Fox, Aparicio and friends—are gone, but they have left behind a legacy of small hit, big defense that the 1964 team will do nothing to disturb.

HITTING It has become a White Sox tradition to scratch for runs, and this year's team has its nails sharpened. The sharpest of all belong to little Floyd Robinson, a left-handed line-drive hitter who in three full seasons has a .301 batting average. At 27, he should be ready for a really big year. Joe Cunningham is another .301 hitter. Early last year Cunningham tripped over first base and broke his collarbone, disabling him for half the season. This spring he was swinging well, and teammates have assured him they will do what they can to make the first-base bag smaller. As a rookie last year, Pete Ward led the team in hitting (.295) with 84 RBIs and 22 home runs. But during the winter Ward married and when he reported to spring training he was 20 pounds overweight. Almost immediately he injured his back bending over for a ground ball, and he recovered slowly. The White Sox are worried that Ward might already be on his way toward the kind of disastrous season that so often follows a bright rookie year. The only other White Sox player to hit more than 20 home runs last year was Dave Nicholson, the big, strong, Baltimore bonus baby. If Chicago is to improve as a hitting team—they were tied for fifth in batting average and eighth in home runs—the improvement must come from Nicholson. Last year, while hitting his 22 home runs, Nicholson fanned 175 times, smashing all records with strikeouts to spare. But Al Lopez is a manager of infinite patience. He and his coaches worked long hours this spring trying to correct Nicholson's swing. Too often he is ahead of the ball. They told him to use a heavier bat and to hit the ball back through the middle. Nicholson is a conscientious youngster and tries to do what he is told. He also tries to take comfort in the fact that 20 other hitters struck out more than 100 times last year. He complains that umpires give a known nonstrikeout man like Nellie Fox a good call on a close pitch. Last year, Nicholson insists, he was called out on a Steve Barber pitch that hit the ground. The White Sox try to buoy his confidence with contrived statistical items. Example: if you do not count his strikeouts, Nicholson hit .376 last year. But the record book carries the unmistakable figure .229 beside his name. The rest of the White Sox lineup, generally, comprises singles hitters. Some hit enough singles to be dangerous. Mike Hershberger batted .279 last year, and at 24 is on the way up. Camilo Carreon, playing only half the time, hit .274. Rookie Don Buford hit .336 at Indianapolis. He also stole 42 bases, giving the White Sox an Aparicio type. Ron Hansen batted a disappointing .226, but his 67 RBIs put him first among Amer-

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TO CUT DOWN ON HIS STRIKEOUTS, SOFT-SPOKEN DAVE NICHOLSON WILL SWING A HEAVIER BAT THIS SEASON.

ican League shortstops. When the White Sox need a pinch hitter, they will call on old traveler Charley Maxwell, Deacon Jones, J. C. Martin, Jim Landis or Tom McCraw. It is not a terrifying group.

PITCHING Manager Lopez has what any manager likes—a long, solid line of pitchers. It was the best staff in the league last year (2.97 ERA) and should be again. In spring training a year ago, Gary Peters was a minor league name, a commuter between San Diego and Indianapolis with an occasional side trip to Chicago. Then, at 26, Peters stopped aiming the ball and threw hard—fast ball, slider, fast ball. He won 19 games and had the lowest ERA in the league, 2.33. Another tough left-hander is Juan Pizarro, 16–8 last year with a 2.39 ERA, second only to Peters. Pizarro hurt his shoulder late last August and pitched no more, but in the Puerto Rican League this winter he threw without pain and his fast ball was as mean as ever. To balance the left-handers, Lopez has Ray Herbert and John Buzhardt. Herbert is one of those pitchers who is better in his 30s than he was in his 20s. For a month last year he was baseball's best, throwing four shutouts in a row, and he finished the season at 13–10. Buzhardt was cruising along with a 9–4 record and a 2.43 ERA when *his* shoulder started hurting. He missed half the season, and the White Sox certainly missed him. Behind these four is a small army of pitchers, good ones. Eddie Fisher, Joe Horlen and Dave DeBusschere will start and relieve. Fritz Ackley, 18–5 at Indianapolis last year, should make the team. Like Peters, Ackley is an old rookie, 27, and the White Sox are hoping he will follow the Peters example. The White Sox bullpen is thin. When Jim Brosnan refused to sign unless he was allowed to write, General Manager Ed Short released him. It may prove expensive. The White Sox subsequently bought the Tigers' Don Mossi for $20,000, but Mossi has a sore arm. That leaves Knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm, soon to be 41, and left-hander Frank Baumann. They may not be enough.

FIELDING The Chicago outfield is superb defensively. Nicholson will be in left, Hershberger in center, Robinson in right. When Lopez wants to use his strongest defense, Landis will play center, with Hershberger moving to right. Despite Hansen, a very good shortstop with wide range and a strong arm, the infield is less than superb. At third, Ward is second-rank, and Cunningham, at first, is something below that. Buford will play second, how well the White Sox wish they knew. At Indianapolis he was a third baseman, so they had him play second in Puerto Rico this winter. He is unsure making the pivot on double plays but should improve as the season progresses. Carreon and Martin will share the catching, depending on the opposing pitcher (Martin bats left, Carreon right) and which, if either, is hitting well. Carreon is the surer receiver; Martin, a converted infielder, is still converting.

OUTLOOK If Nicholson strikes out only 100 times and hits 38 home runs, if Buford learns to make the pivot, if Ward and Peters do not have second-season troubles, if the shoulders of Pizarro and Buzhardt ache no more—the White Sox could give the Yankees, or anybody else, a spirited battle for the pennant. That's about three ifs too many.

MINNESOTA TWINS

Last year the third-place Twins led the American League in home runs, home attendance, hitting and hope for the future. Delaying that future have been weaknesses in defense.

HITTING Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison and Jimmie Hall were all in the top six in slugging percentage, and among them they hit 113 home runs and drove in 267. Vic Power has excellent bat control and gives the Twins a solid .280 hitter. Rich Rollins hit .307, with 61 RBIs last season, 96 two years ago. Probably the most underrated hitter on the team is Catcher Earl Battey, who has not been below .280 in his last three seasons and who reached a career high of 26 homers and 84 RBIs last year. Bernie Allen (.240) may have trouble keeping his second-base position away from John Goryl, who batted .284 last year, .346 against New York. Lenny Green (.239) has excellent speed, as does Zoilo Versalles, who batted .261 and led the league in triples (13). Reserve Don Mincher hit 17 home runs and knocked in 42 runs in just 225 at bats. Rookie Tony Oliva hit every place he played, including Minnesota (.438), where he spent two brief periods.

PITCHING Minnesota had the third-best staff in the league last year despite the loss of Camilo Pascual (21–9) for eight turns because of an arm injury. Lee Stange, another right-hander, was 12–5 and had an ERA of 2.62 after joining the team on June 15. A third righty, Jim Perry (9–9), lost four of his games when the Twins got him a total of four runs. The lefties, particularly Dick Stigman (15–15) and Jim Kaat (10–10 after an 18–14 record in 1962), are going to be helped by the raising of the Metropolitan Stadium fences from 8 feet to 12 feet in right and left fields. Between them Stigman and Kaat gave up 40 home runs at the Met, only 16 on the road. Jim Roland, another lefty, injured his arm last year on June 5 when he was one of the best young pitchers in the league, his final record was 4–1, his ERA 2.57. The bullpen should be first-rate, with "Won't You Come In" Bill Dailey the best (66 games, 13 saves, 6–3 record and 1.98 ERA). Minnesota picked up two sleepers for relief work: Bill Fischer from Kansas City, where he was 9–6, and Dwight Siebler from the Phillies late last season. Strapped to the roster because of the first-year rule, Garry Roggenburk also developed into a good relief man (2.16 ERA). He will miss most of the season, however, because of an operation on his pitching elbow for the removal of a bone chip.

FIELDING Minnesota lost more one-run games (26) in 1963 than Manager Sam Mele cares to think about. Seven of 11 losses to the Yankees were by that margin; 11 of

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OFTEN BRILLIANT BUT OCCASIONALLY ORDINARY, ZOILO VERSALLES MUST LIGHT A FIRE THAT BURNS ALL SEASON.

their first 20 defeats were by a single run, and the Twins were in 10th place early in the season. The record also shows that nine one-run defeats came as a result of errors on the left side of the infield, and Third Baseman Rollins takes his share of the blame. "Let's face it," he says, "I was just lousy at times." In Rollins' defense are the facts that he was not in shape at the start of last season. He suffered a broken jaw on April 7 and later had calcium deposits on his hip. The Mayo Clinic has taken care of the calcium; Rollins has put himself in shape and is working on crossing his right leg over his left for balls hit into the hole. Bernie Allen is improving his range after a dismal season at second. Shortstop Zoilo (Zorro) Versalles is the man who can lift the Twins, however, and how Zorro feels no one often knows. Versalles is a marvel at times on defense—good enough to be picked for the All-Star team over Luis Aparicio and good enough, too, to be named the outstanding shortstop in the league by the players at the end of the season. But Zorro is moody and when he has had a bad day he will sit in the dressing room with a towel over his shoulders and bury his head in his hands. Zorro at times begs the day off and claims injuries that medical science is unable to detect. What he needs, often, is to be challenged. If he can regain the momentum he once had, he can be one of the superstars of baseball. "When I am a boy in Cuba," he says, "I get my first uniform at 11, and I run home and jump in bed to sleep with it on." At the end of the 1959 season Versalles was brought up to the then Washington Senators from Fox Cities of the old Three I League. "I travel all night on the bus," he says, "and when I get to Washington I go and sit on a bench in the park across from Griffith Stadium and sit for five hours to wait for it to open. All the money in the world is mine when that stadium opens because I am in the big leagues. No more cooking beans and rice, no more begging lunch money from Pedro Ramos when he plays in Havana in the winter. I dream I come to stay, to be big star." One who believes in Versalles is First Baseman Vic Power. "Theez time around," says Power, "Zorro is ready to be mature. He is the big man, he can make us really great. I am hoping." Power himself is easily the most stable fielder on the Twins, flashy but good flashy, the best defensive first baseman in the league. However, if Owner Calvin Griffith has his way, Power won't play much. Griffith would like to see Bob Allison shifted from right field to first base, so that rookie Oliva can play right. This might add a few more home runs to the lineup, but the defense would groan. Oliva is not as good an outfielder as Allison, and Allison playing first base doesn't deserve being mentioned in the same sentence with Power. The same is true of Oon Mincher, the substitute first baseman. Assuming Allison stays in right, the outfield is adequate. Hall holds his own in center. Killebrew holds very little in left, but Green is around to fill in for him in the late innings to protect a lead. Battey is the best catcher in the league at handling pitchers and only Elston Howard of the Yanks is close to him overall. The Twins were eighth in fielding last season but they were second in 1962—a more representative year, Minnesota hopes.

OUTLOOK Granted improved fielding, the Twins have the pitching and hitting to fight for the runner-up spot.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES

Poor hitting held the Orioles to fourth place as home attendance fell to a 10-year low, but changes have been made.

HITTING The story goes that last year's manager, Billy Hitchcock, could not handle the Orioles but that Hank Bauer, this year's manager, can. You may take it or leave it, but if you decide to take it, do not take all of it. The Orioles are not an easy group of heroes to control, though it is probably unfair to place any significance in the fact that they played better at night (60–41) than all the other teams in the American League. The Orioles need hitting and hustle as well as discipline. Bauer has always had plenty of hustle. His record as a manager in Kansas City was not overwhelming (107–157), but neither were the players he managed. The Orioles have more talent. This year, under Bauer, the team will have a midnight curfew, must wear shirts and ties in all hotels on the road and will not be allowed to drink at the bar in the hotel where they are staying. "That privilege," says Bauer with a wry smile, "belongs to the manager." Last year the Orioles were in first place at the end of May, thanks to good fielding, good pitching and an astonishing ability to hit left-handers. Baltimore won 14 of its first 15 games against lefties, but then the rest of the league caught on and right-handers began appearing from every crack in the floor. The 11 right-handers in the AL with the best won-lost records choked the Orioles off 4–19. The team as a whole hit only .239 against righties vs. .284 against lefties. Hitting is the Orioles' major problem, and it is reflected in their inability to win extra-inning games. They have lost 24 of 34 extra-inning games over the last two years—the worst record in the majors. To help correct this, Baltimore traded controversial First Baseman Jim Gentile to the Athletics for Norm Siebern, a quiet man who will not hit as many home runs as Gentile but should collect a hatful of doubles. "Siebern," says Bauer, "is an excellent ballplayer. He will not strike out as much as Gentile or hit into as many double plays. He is an excellent judge of pitches and generally walks as often as anyone in the league. I plan to hit him fourth and, since I played with him on the Yankees and managed him at Kansas City, I think I know pretty well what he can do. And that's a lot." No matter what Siebern does, unless Brooks Robinson (.251), Jerry Adair (.228) and Jackie Brandt (.248) perform better in 1964 than they did in 1963, the Orioles will be in trouble again. Robinson got off to one of the best starts of his life last season but, over the last 117 games, he hit .222 and was having trouble with fast balls. Baltimore must hope that Robinson can repeat his 1962 season, when he hit .303. Adair (.284 two years ago) just never got started last year. He had 18 stitches on his left cheek after a John Buzhardt pitch and was hit again in the same place later in the season. He hit much better during the second half than the first but still finished at .228. Brandt, whom the Orioles tried to replace

during the winter, has yet to become more than a run-of-the-mill player. Left-fielder John (Boog) Powell was the team's best RBI man last year with 82 and also led in homers with 25. He should improve and could easily become a 100-run producer. Catcher John Orsino was the big surprise for the Orioles (.272, 19 homers) and his desire might rub off on some of the others. Luis Aparicio, at 29, stole 40 bases in 46 attempts, and he gives the Orioles speed, as do rookie Sam Bowens (.333 in 15 games with the Orioles last year) and Willie Kirkland. Bowens still needs to cut down his strikeouts, but he hits right-handers well. Kirkland hit .230 with Cleveland, but Baltimore hopes he can soup up the base running. Outfielder Russ Snyder beat out 16 bunts, hit .256 after a dim start. Lou Jackson, drafted from Toronto, has had good minor league years (.315, 31 home runs, 89 RBIs at Toronto in 1963, for example) but is 28 years old.

PITCHING Steve Barber (20–13, 2.75 ERA), Milt Pappas (16–9, 3.03) and Robin Roberts (14–13, 3.33) give the Orioles three good starters. If Chuck Estrada recovers from an operation to remove a bone spur and calcium deposits on his right elbow, then the Orioles will have a pitching staff equal to the Yankees' (in 1960 and '61, Estrada had 33 victories; last year he was 3–2). Left-handers Dave McNally (7–8) and Mike McCormick started 41 games and could complete only four, but McNally developed during the winter by playing in Puerto Rico. The bullpen is excellent, and not just because of Stu Miller. Miller won five, lost eight but saved 26 games and finished 59. Actually, anytime the Orioles get him into a game it is a plus because he can hit (.313). Last season against Washington, after Ron Kline of the Senators hit Bob Johnson, dusted Jackie Brandt and hit Jerry Adair, Miller tripled. Quiet Dick Hall can hit too—.454, to lead all American League pitchers. Hall had an earned run average of 1.36 from June 20 to the end of the season and completed the year with a 5–5 record and 10 saves. Wes Stock is 15–2 in relief since August of 1960 but, with Miller around to appear in a league-leading total of 71 games, there is not much work left for him. (Stock cannot hit at all. His lifetime batting average is .000.) Harvey Haddix, the old Pirate, could help the Orioles with lefty relief.

FIELDING The infield is superb at third and good at short and second. First Baseman Siebern, while no Hal Chase or even a Jim Gentile, should do the job. The outfield is ragged, particularly with Powell in left; he does not get the jump on balls, but lumbers after them instead. Powell probably will improve, since he worked continuously on his fielding this spring. Brandt has a pretty good record for throwing to the wrong base. The catching is strong with Orsino, backed up by Dick Brown. The Oriole pitchers sometimes put themselves in trouble with sloppy fielding. In Bob Johnson, the Orioles have one of the most versatile reserves in baseball. Last season he played all four infield positions and, what's more, batted .295 and knocked in 32 runs in 82 games.

OUTLOOK Given normal years by Robinson, Brandt and Adair, the Orioles could be a threat. If Estrada can come back from his injury, the Birds could fly very high.

CLEVELAND INDIANS

A 14–10 record last September gained Cleveland a tie for fifth place, a much-needed lift for a team that had been hard hit by injuries and almost deserted by its fans.

HITTING Adding to the chill wind that blows in off Lake Erie were the breezes created last season as the Indians struck out 1,102 times, a league record. The Cleveland batters were so busy swinging for the fences that they almost forgot about ordinary base hits (ninth in BA) and walks (only 2.9 a game), with the result that, despite 169 home runs, the Indians scored less than four runs a game (seventh in the AL). With Leon Wagner (.291, 26 HRs, 90 RBIs as an Angel) now an Indian, and with Fred Whitfield (21 HRs) playing full time, there may be even more homers this year. Also, hopefully, quite a few more runs. Right-handed power will come from Max Alvis, the team's leader in batting (.274), homers (22) and RBIs (67), and Catchers Joe Azcue (14 HRs) and John Romano (10 HRs). Picking a lead-off man should be easy for Acting Manager George Strickland, who will be in charge until Birdie Tebbetts recovers from his recent heart attack. The Indians feel that if Dick Howser leads off and gets on, pitchers will have to feed fast balls to Vic Davalillo to hold the speedy Howser close to the bag. That will help Davalillo, since he is a fast-ball hitter. If Davalillo, also a threat to steal, leads off and gets on, the pitchers will have to throw strikes to Howser or walk him and have two men on base. With Howser and Davalillo healthy and on base, those Cleveland homers will carry extra sting. When one of them is not playing right field, Wally Post, Al Smith and Al Luplow join Utility Men Woodie Held and Tito Francona to make up a bench that should improve on last year's .198 team pinch-hitting average. Best of the newcomers are Bob Chance and Chico Salmon. Chance led the Eastern League with 26 homers and 114 RBIs while hitting .343. Salmon has a four-year minor league average of .325 and a fear of ghosts (when he goes to bed he leaves the lights on and stuffs chewing gum in the keyhole). This could be the most exciting Indian offense in a decade.

PITCHING In 1954 Early Wynn won 23 games for Cleveland. Now he is the team's new pitching coach, replacing Mel Harder. Under Harder, last year's staff set a league mark by striking out 1,018 batters, but these same strong-armed pitchers were sixth in ERA (3.79). Wynn's job is finally to make winners of this talented crew. "When it comes to pitchers, I am more worried about a miser than anything else," says General Manager Gabe Paul. "A miser is afraid of the batters; he puts a dollar sign on each pitch. A good pitcher says to the batter, 'Get up there and hit,' and then concentrates on his job. Wynn was that kind of a pitcher." Wynn has no revolutionary plans for helping the Cleveland pitchers, but his firmness and let's-get-down-

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to-business attitude may be what some of them need. "A pitcher has to look at a hitter as his mortal enemy," Wynn says. "Respect him but don't fear him. I'll try to impress on the boys the prestige that goes with winning and how much mental comfort and financial value there is in it. I know it was always easier for me to face the neighbors if I had won than if I had lost." One pitcher who took some of Wynn's advice last year was Pedro Ramos. "A lot of guys talk to me about pitching, and Harder helped my curve," Ramos says. "But Wynn I listen to more. The highest I can say is that whatever he say, I do with my eyes closed. Always I think I throw harder and harder and then I get the man out. 'No,' says Wynn. 'By little things you win or lose.' After a game I am in bed the next morning and I am thinking and I know he is right. He show me how to mix pitches. This make my fast ball look better and help my Cuban palm ball. [A Cuban palm ball is what some people call a spitter.] After a game he go over every pitch with me. He know better what I do than I do. So I think, from now on every pitch I will remember so next day I am ready. The last two months were my best in the big leagues." Ramos' 3.11 ERA was also the best of his nine-year career and, although his 9-8 record was mediocre, it was the first time since 1956 that he was a winning pitcher. Wynn must find a left-handed starter to back up Jack Kralick (14-13, 3.03 ERA). Both Sam McDowell and Rookie Tommy John have excellent stuff—and sore left arms. If they fail, Gabe Paul will try for a trade. Other starters will be Jim Grant (13-14, 3.69), Dick Donovan (11-13, 4.24) and Ramos. Gary Bell, who had an 8-5 record and a fine 2.95 ERA despite being both a starter and reliever, may have to double again. Also in the bullpen are submariner Ted Abernathy (7-2, 2.90), Jerry Walker (6-6, 4.91), Don McMahon (1-5, 4.05 with Houston last season) and rookies Gordon Seyfried and Sonny Siebert. If the pitchers do not hold up, it won't be for lack of exercise. During the winter Tebbetts sent them isometric-contraction exercisers paid for out of a kitty built up by $25 donations from players who made "unforgivable" errors.

FIELDING Cutting down on errors (the Indians were seventh in fielding last season) and improving on the eighth-place ranking in double plays are two of Cleveland's top-priority projects. Shortstop Dick Howser is a slightly better-than-average fielder, and Jerry Kindall is a smooth second baseman, but heavier hitting by Held, Salmon or Larry Brown could earn one of them the second-base job. First Baseman Whitfield's bad arm is the result of an old injury, but Third Baseman Alvis has no excuse. He seems to enjoy throwing baseballs at the customers behind first base. Watching Davalillo in center field is a joy. He uses his 150 pounds swiftly, gracefully and efficiently. Wagner is at times more frightening than exciting in left field and the right fielders range from good (Luplow) to iffy (Post).

OUTLOOK Tips from Coach Early Wynn and added batting support will help Cleveland pitchers win more often, perhaps often enough to put the team in the first division.

COACH WYNN PREACHES WHAT HE ALWAYS BELIEVED—THAT HITTERS ARE A PITCHER'S "MORTAL ENEMIES."

DETROIT TIGERS

Since they challenged the Yankees for the pennant in 1961, the Tigers have plummeted into the second division. Now two major trades should make them a lively team again. HITTING The Tigers were tied for second in team batting average last year and they may be even better this season. Manager Charley Dressen thinks he has six players who will hit at least .280. Outfielder Al Kaline is certainly one. Kaline has a career batting average of .309, best (along with Mickey Mantle) in the league. Last year Kaline was bothered by a torn ligament in his right leg and general fatigue. Even so, he hit .312. This year Detroit fans will see a beefier Kaline model, one that should hit more home runs—that is, 35 or so. Kaline is only 29, yet he is starting his 12th season with the Tigers. It should be a mighty good one. Norm Cash, the first baseman, was not hitting when Dressen took over as manager in June. Dressen noticed Cash was taking too many good pitches, waiting for one on the inside that he could hit for a home run. Cash's hitting improved, and he ended the season at .270, with 26 home runs. During the winter the Tigers traded Rocky Colavito to Kansas City, getting in return Second Baseman Jerry Lumpe and two pitchers. Lumpe, a line-drive singles hitter who bats .280 year in year out, is as predictable as Guy Lombardo. He will get on base a lot for Kaline and Cash. Detroit's other trade was with Philadelphia for Don Demeter, a long, lanky outfielder. Demeter has power—22 home runs in '63—and should hit for a better average than last year's .258. Shortstop Dick McAuliffe is an aggressive young player. A left-handed hitter, he raises his right foot as the pitch comes in—shades of Mel Ott. McAuliffe hits a lot of line drives, batted .262 with 13 home runs. Outfielder Bill Bruton is 34 and last year his average slipped to .256 (lifetime: .272). But Dressen plans to rest him periodically and thinks this will make him a more effective hitter. Catcher Bill Freehan looks as if he should hit .400. He is 6 feet 3 and 200 pounds and is built like a marble statue. Freehan got a $100,000 bonus to sign with Detroit, and last year, his first, he hit .243. "I know they're all counting on me," Freehan said this spring, and he is right. The Tigers have three third basemen—which is to say they really have none. Don Wert does not look like a good hitter, but last year was his first (.259)—and only half a year at that. Jake Wood hit .271 with 11 home runs. Bubba Phillips, 34, hit .246, and that is all Detroit can expect of him. Filling out the bench are Mike Roarke, George Thomas and Purnal Goldy. The Tigers have a 21-year-old outfielder named Willie Horton, who looks like money in the bank. Horton hit .333 at Knoxville last year. This spring he showed up 25 pounds overweight, the result,

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JERRY LUMPE IS THE FIRST TIGER SECOND BASEMAN IN FOUR YEARS WHO CAN HIT AND MAKE THE DOUBLE PLAY.

he said, of watching television and having "an occasional snack." Dressen ran him and ran him until the extra pounds were gone. The Tigers may send Horton back to the minors so he can play regularly, but if he should hit early and keep hitting, they would be only too happy to keep him.

PITCHING To get Demeter from the Phils, the Tigers had to give up Jim Bunning, a proved, if aging, winner. This does not worry Dressen. His major talent as a manager is getting the most out of his pitchers, and he feels that this year's Tiger staff will surprise people. His leading pitcher is Phil Regan, who was 15–9. A right-hander, Regan has improved steadily in his four seasons with Detroit and at 27 could be outstanding. Hank Aguirre, a 32-year-old left-hander, was 14–15, hardly a show-stopper, but he is a crafty pitcher and also should improve. From Kansas City in the Lumpe-Colavito trade came Ed Rakow and Dave Wickersham, and Dressen considers both of them, but especially Wickersham, potential winners. Neither had a winning record with Kansas City, but few ever do. Wickersham was 12–15 and pitched all of 238 innings. He is a good low-ball pitcher. Rakow (pronounced Roeco) was 9–10; he is very fast. The Tigers have others: Jack Hamilton, who came from Philadelphia with Demeter; Bill Faul, who underwent hypnosis last year (no more of that, says Dressen); Larry Foster and Pete Craig. But the effectiveness of Detroit pitching depends on none of these as much as it does on Frank Strong Lary, the famed Yankee-killer who just three years ago was a 23-game winner. Lary hurt his arm pitching in miserably cold weather against the Yankees (he won) early in 1962 He has never been the same. Last year the Tigers sent him to Knoxville, where the heat helped loosen his arm. This spring he pitched well in early exhibition games, but his blazing fast ball is gone, he can only throw about six hard pitches during a game and must depend on the cunning acquired in nine major league seasons. Lary has been working on a knuckle ball recently, a pitch he hopes will make him a winner again. If he cannot win, Lary says he will retire. If he can win, the Tigers will be rough.

FIELDING The Tiger outfield will do very nicely. Demeter will play center, with Kaline in right, which he likes, and Bruton in left, which he does not. Jerry Lumpe at second will tighten the infield. The Tigers were next to last in double plays in 1963; Lumpe should cure that. McAuliffe improved steadily at shortstop last year. The Tigers think this 24-year-old is as good as anyone at the position, which is a bit optimistic, perhaps. Cash is adequate at first base, and whoever plays third will not hurt the team defensively. Dressen is trying to encourage Catcher Freehan to be more aggressive. Freehan hesitated last year to tell his pitchers what they were doing wrong. He thought running out to the mound looked as if he were showing off. "That's not showing off," roared Dressen. "That's winning games." Freehan will try to take charge this year.

OUTLOOK The Tigers have speed—Wood, Wert and McAuliffe, plus all three outfielders—consistent hitting and a good defense. If Dressen can put together a pitching staff, the Tigers will be solid contenders for second place.

BOSTON RED SOX

"I was so discouraged because we didn't finish in the first division last year that I didn't care if I won the batting title or not," says Carl Yastrzemski. Yastrzemski won his title, but the Red Sox, who were in the first division as late as September 2, wound up the season in seventh place.

HITTING Life with the Red Sox was uneasy this spring as relations between Manager Johnny Pesky and several of his players became frigid. Batting Champion Yastrzemski was reportedly angry about a public dressing down Pesky had given him last year. When Pesky put First Baseman Dick Stuart in a B-squad exhibition game, Stuart loafed, obviously. Pesky called him selfish. Yastrzemski and Stuart form the major part of the Red Sox offense, so it is important to the team that Pesky somehow soothe their feelings Perhaps it is too late. Yastrzemski hit .321 last year and had 95 walks, tops in the league, but he is the only solid left-handed hitter the Red Sox have Catcher Russ Nixon batted .268, Outfielder Gary Geiger 263, but Nixon is a part-time player and Geiger is still recuperating from a serious ulcer operation. The rest of the Red Sox hitters are right-handed. A key man in the offense is Chuck Schilling (.234), who will add greatly to his value as lead-off man when he learns to hit to right field. At 34, Frank Malzone is slowing down and he probably will not be able to match last season's record (.291, 15 HRs, 71 RBIs). What Dick Stuart lacked in batting average (.261) he made up in runs batted in (he led the league with 118) and home runs (42). Eddie Bressoud was first among the league's shortstops with 20 homers and third with 60 RBIs. Three question marks are Lou Clinton (his average tumbled 62 points to .232), Roman Mejias (down 59 points to .227) and Bob Tillman, who is big enough (6 feet 4, 205 pounds) to hit a resin bag out of Fenway Park but who had just eight home runs and a 225 average. Ready to step in if Clinton or Mejias continues to slump is Tony Conigliaro, 19, who had an astronomical .730 slugging percentage and a .363 batting average in his first try at pro ball.

PITCHING Little things mean a lot to Dick Radatz, who is 6 feet 5, wears size 14D shoes and weighs an eighth of a ton. Take the beds in Kansas City, for example "Now I tell Dowd [Traveling Secretary Tom Dowd] to be sure to get me a bed in Kansas City without an end board so my feet can hang out," Radatz says. Trainer Jack Fadden cured a big backache last spring by putting a little arch support in Dick's spikes. From then on it was American League batters who had aching backs from their inability to get hits against Relief Pitcher Radatz. For one month, starting on May 12, Radatz did not give up so much as a run, allowing a meager 11 hits and seven walks over a stretch of 33 innings in 14 games. By late July his record was 12–1. In his first 74 innings he had struck out 100 men. Then he

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began giving up hits, runs and ball games. Radatz lost five of his final eight decisions and his strikeouts fell off to 62 in his last 59 innings, a mere nothing for a man whose strikeout record is even better than Sandy Koufax' Something was obviously wrong. "In the last three or four weeks of the season it was an effort for me to walk from the bullpen to the mound," Radatz says. "I was probably a little tired, for one thing. Ever since I started playing professional ball I have always reached a low point in the latter part of July and August. I think the big reason why I had trouble, though, was that on top of being tired I had tonsillitis. For years doctors had diagnosed it as a sinus condition As soon as the season ended I had my tonsils out and now I am a relieved man." A little advice from Ted Williams also proved helpful. "He told me that no matter who the pitcher was, if all the pitches were thrown from the same position he could figure them out pretty quickly," Radatz says. "I used to throw strictly sidearm, but now I throw about 20% three-quarter and 10% overhand. I like to start out a left-handed batter with two quick sidearm pitches from here, and then come boom right down over the top and catch him off guard." Backing up Radatz and giving Boston the best and busiest two-man relief crew in baseball is Jack Lamabe. He pitched more innings (151) than Radatz (132), gave up fewer walks (46 to 51) and complemented his 7–4 record in 65 games with a 3.16 ERA. Radatz had a 1.98 ERA in 66 appearances. Still, the staff had a 3.97 ERA, next to the worst in the league. Pitching, nevertheless, could turn out to be a strong point. Barring further arm trouble, Gene Conley should be closer to his 1962 form (15–14) than last year's (3–4). And Earl Wilson, if he gets over being discouraged by close losses and if he regains his slider, has the ability to reverse last season's 11–16 record. Bill Monbouquette (20–10, 3.81) may deliberately be a little wilder. Last year, when he allowed only 1.4 walks a game, he gave up more hits (including 31 HRs) than any other pitcher in the league. At age 20, Dave Morehead already has more speed and stuff than Monbouquette. If he can curb his wildness, he will improve on last year (10–13), when he was the winningest teen-ager in the big leagues. Jerry Stephenson, also 20, and Bill Spanswick, a long-sought-for left-hander who was 14–8 and 3.16 with Seattle, have the equipment to make the staff, either this season or next.

FIELDING A clubhouse boy claimed this spring that he was bitten by Stuart's first baseman's mitt. Stuart, however, needs more than teeth in his glove to improve his fielding. "At third base, Malzone is actually the tallest man on the squad, but they can't straighten out his bowed legs," says one Boston writer. Bowed legs or not, Malzone does stand *tall*. So do Schilling at second and Bressoud at short. Yastrzemski does an excellent job in left field but might be more valuable in center. Having Mejias and Clinton side by side in center and right is a defensive catastrophe but, if Tony Conigliaro makes the team, the outfield will be stronger. The weakest link, though, is the catchers, who last year threw out only 21 of 82 base stealers.

OUTLOOK Powder-keg relations between Manager Pesky and some of his stars, plus questionable Boston pitching, will keep the team scrambling to come in seventh again.

KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

If mechanical rabbits, grazing sheep and uniforms by Dior could win ball games, the Kansas City Athletics would conquer the world. Alas, winning games requires good players, and underprivileged Kansas City has very few of these.

HITTING From his box seat behind first base, Owner Charlie Finley watched his Athletics finish eighth last year, largely because they could not hit often or far. Kansas City was tied for last in home runs with 95 (even last-place Washington hit 138), so during the winter Finley went out and bought himself a large package of instant power. The price: half an infield and two starting pitchers. From Detroit, Finley got Rocky Colavito, home run hitter extraordinaire—sometimes. Colavito is a big, strong, good-looking fellow who considers anything less than a home run a failure. His record is dotted with successes: 45 home runs in 1961, 42 in 1959 and 41 the year before. He has also, perforce, driven in a lot of runs—140, 113, and so forth. But last year he hit only 22 home runs and did not drive in his quota of 100, so Detroit bundled him off. Kansas City expects Colavito to snap back, however, and since he is only 30, there is a good chance he will. One thing Colavito certainly will do is attract customers to the ball park. Rocky gives the people a good show, whether he is flexing his back muscles at the plate, throwing the ball from one end of the stadium to the other or hitting the big one. The other half of the Finley power package is Jim Gentile, in from Baltimore. Like Colavito, Gentile is big and strong, but unlike Colavito, he hits left-handed and not quite as well. Three years ago it looked as if Gentile would become Superman (he hit 46 home runs), but his average has been .250 since then and his home runs have dropped to 33 and 24, not enough to earn his keep at Baltimore. Gentile despairs when he does not hit. He needs constant encouragement, so it will be up to Manager Ed Lopat to keep reminding him that he is the greatest home run hitter alive, outside of Rocky Colavito. Kansas City has a few other hitters. Ed Charles, who writes poetry and plays third base, has in two seasons averaged .277, with 16 home runs and 76 runs batted in, pretty figures. Shortstop Wayne Causey is a Pete Runnels type and last year he hit .280. Gino Cimoli, the old Dodger-Pirate, slapped enough singles to right to bat .263, but Gino is 34. And that is about all the hitters Kansas City has. The rest of the Athletics are named Bill, Manny, Jose, George and Doc and they do not hit like Mickey, Roger Elston and Joe. Even so, hitting is likely to account for most of Kansas City's victories.

PITCHING It seems only yesterday that the Athletics had such pitchers as Jack Urban, George Brunet and Eugene Host, but they are gone now and what remains is not quite as good. To get Colavito, the A's gave up Dave Wickersham and Ed Rakow as well as Second Baseman Jerry

continued

Lumpe. Wickersham and Rakow won 21 games between them, heroic work in Kansas City. They also pitched, together, 412 innings, so Manager Lopat will have to find a bunch of people to take their place. Ace of the staff is Orlando Pena, a 20-game loser last year. But Pena also won 12 games, the best (along with Wickersham) on the team. Pena, 28, right-handed and 150 pounds, comes from Oriente, Cuba. So does Diego Segui, the only Kansas City regular starter with a winning record (9–6) last year. Segui, 26, is a moody customer, a problem Lopat faced last season and may have licked. Kansas City's only other experienced starter is Moe Drabowsky, who was born in Ozanna, Poland. Drabowsky is a tall, amiable right-hander who has been pitching in and out of the majors for eight years and has been the fall guy in two of baseball's biggest moments: when Stan Musial made his 3,000th hit, Moe Drabowsky threw the pitch. And when Early Wynn won his 300th game last year, Drabowsky was the loser. Drabowsky came back from the minors early last year and had a 7–13 record for the Athletics with a very good 3.05 ERA. Behind Pena, Segui and Drabowsky comes a line of ifs, ands and buts. Bob Anderson, once a good Cub pitcher, came with Colavito from Detroit. He was 3–1 last year, most of it in relief. Tom Sturdivant, the old Yankee, is an Athletic again. Sturdivant won 32 games in two years for the Yankees, hurt his arm and began a nightmarish tour that took him to Kansas City, Boston, Washington, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Detroit and finally back to Kansas City. Sturdivant has a knuckle ball and memories. Ted Bowsfield has the dubious distinction of being the only left-hander on the staff, unless Lopat decides to keep John O'Donoghue or Bill Landis, both with Binghamton last year. Bowsfield, a Canadian—the Athletics are international if nothing else—struggled to a 5–7 record, mostly in relief. A lot of relieving goes on in Kansas City. Just ask John Wyatt, a wonderfully kookie right-hander with a language all his own ("those batters are all jacked up waitin' for my smoke"). Wyatt pitched in 63 games for Kansas City, had a very creditable 6–4 record with a 3.13 ERA. Lopat hopes that Dan Pfister, who had arm trouble last year, will be sound again and that young Lew Krausse, who broke in with a shutout in 1961 at the age of 18, will have benefited from two years in the minors. Rarely has a pitching staff been strung on thinner thread.

FIELDING The infield will stand or fall on the performance of rookie Dick Green, Jerry Lumpe's young replacement. If Green can keep his head above water, the infield of Gentile, Green, Causey and Charles will be good by anyone's standards. The outfield of Colavito, Jose Tartabull and Cimoli is slow, fast, slow, when, with Kansas City's pitching, it needs to be fast, faster, fastest. Colavito has the world's strongest arm, and he never hesitates to show it off. Catchers Doc Edwards, Charley Lau and Bill Bryan—Lopat will keep two of them—are adequate. Whoever hits best will get the job.

OUTLOOK The same as in Mudville. If it were still an eight-team league, the A's could say, "We have nowhere to go but up." But there are 10 teams now, and Kansas City's uncertain pitching makes it a reasonable bet for 10th.

LOS ANGELES ANGELS

In 1961 the newborn Angels won 70 games, lost 91 and felt pleased about finishing in eighth place. In 1963 they won 70 games, lost 91, and felt terrible because their fall from third in 1962 to ninth was the worst in the major leagues.

HITTING No American League team had less success on the bases (43 stolen bases in 73 tries) last season than the Angels, and only one scored fewer runs. A prime reason for the team's fall from fifth in scoring was a drop-off of more than 50% in home runs during the last half of the season (LA tied for last with 95). Manager Bill Rigney feels he can perk up the Angels' attack if his players run more this season. His big experiment is to turn loose speedy 6-foot-2, 190-pound Jim Fregosi (.287), who tied for second in the league with a dozen triples but stole only two bases. Rookie Dick Simpson, a 9.8 sprinter, also will be an asset on the bases, if he hits enough to make the team. Another speedster is Albie Pearson, who led the club with 17 stolen bases. Getting on base and getting home is lead-off man Pearson's specialty. He was second in the league in both walks and runs (92 in each case) and his .304 batting average was fourth-best in the league. Billy Moran won't steal anything (one stolen base in 1963), but he is a dependable .270 hitter. Joe Adcock, acquired from the Indians for Leon Wagner, is aiming for at least the 17 home runs he needs for a career total of 300. Spelling Adcock at first will be Charley Dees, a willowy left-hander, who batted .307 in 60 games last year. With Wagner gone, the only left-handed slugger-of-sorts around is Lee Thomas, who dropped from being the club leader in hitting (.290) and runner-up in home runs (26) and RBIs (104) in 1962 to .220, 55 RBIs and nine homers last season. It was the worst slump by any American League regular. Switch-hitting Bob Rodgers also must rebound if the Angels are to improve. A broken finger and a severe ankle sprain left him with a badly bruised average (.233).

PITCHING As loss piled upon loss last season Dean Chance became more and more disheartened. Often after a teammate erred, he would stand on the mound and glare at him. In high school he had pitched 18 no-hitters; last year he lost 18 games. Instead of going home to Wooster, Ohio and the 83-acre farm he bought with the $30,000 bonus the Orioles gave him in 1959, Chance wintered in Palm Springs, Calif. ("He was so anxious to be traded that he called me an average of twice a day all winter to see if I had heard anything," says Dick Miller, a Los Angeles sportswriter.) From time to time teammate Bo Belinsky got together with Chance to cheer him up and to play pool. When the winter of his discontent was over, Chance told the Angel management, "Pay me, trade me or get me some runs." He had complaints, too. "One thing that burns me," he said, "is that they gave raises to some of our guys who hit .220. I had a better year in '63 than in '62, but they didn't give me any

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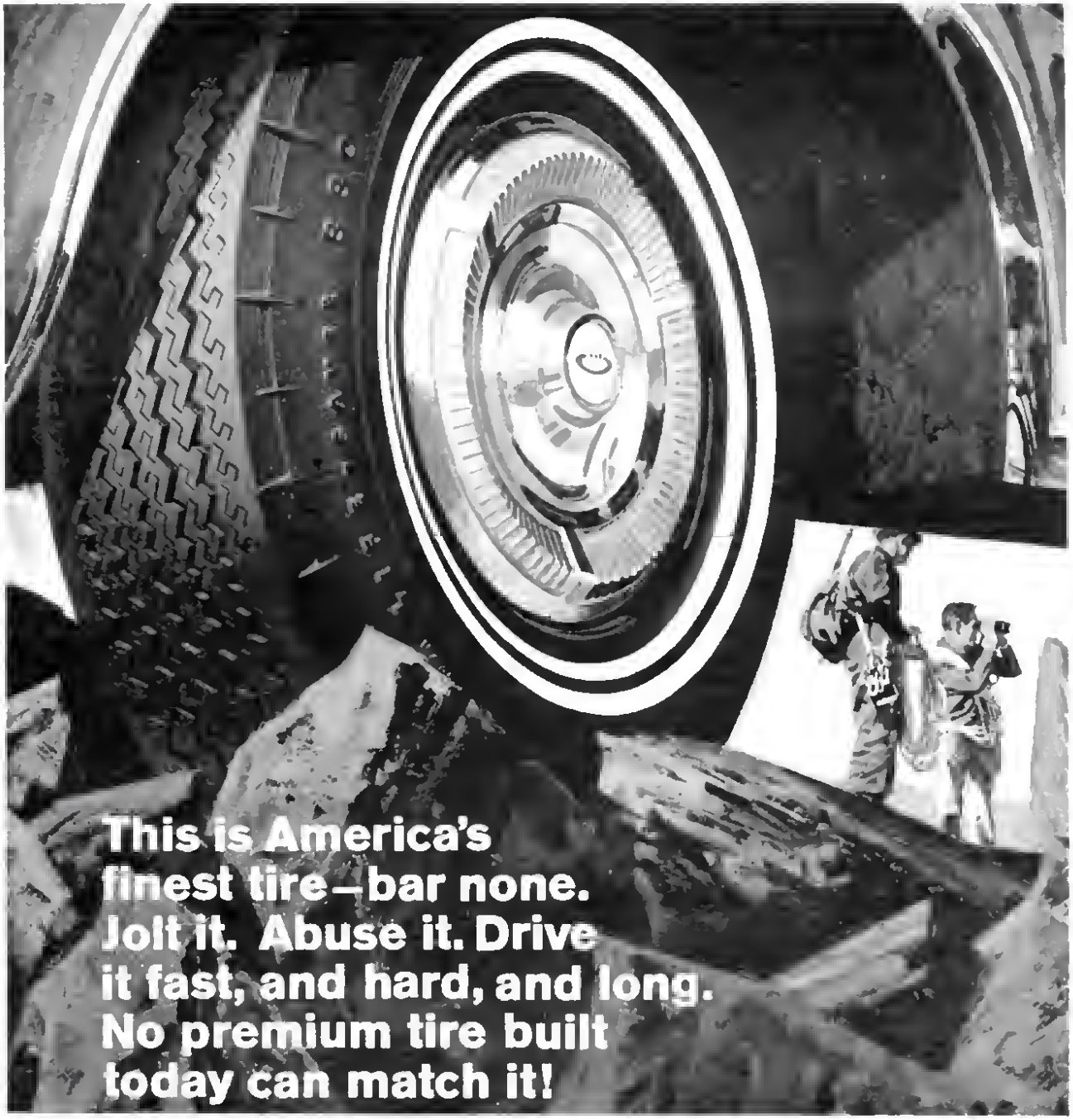

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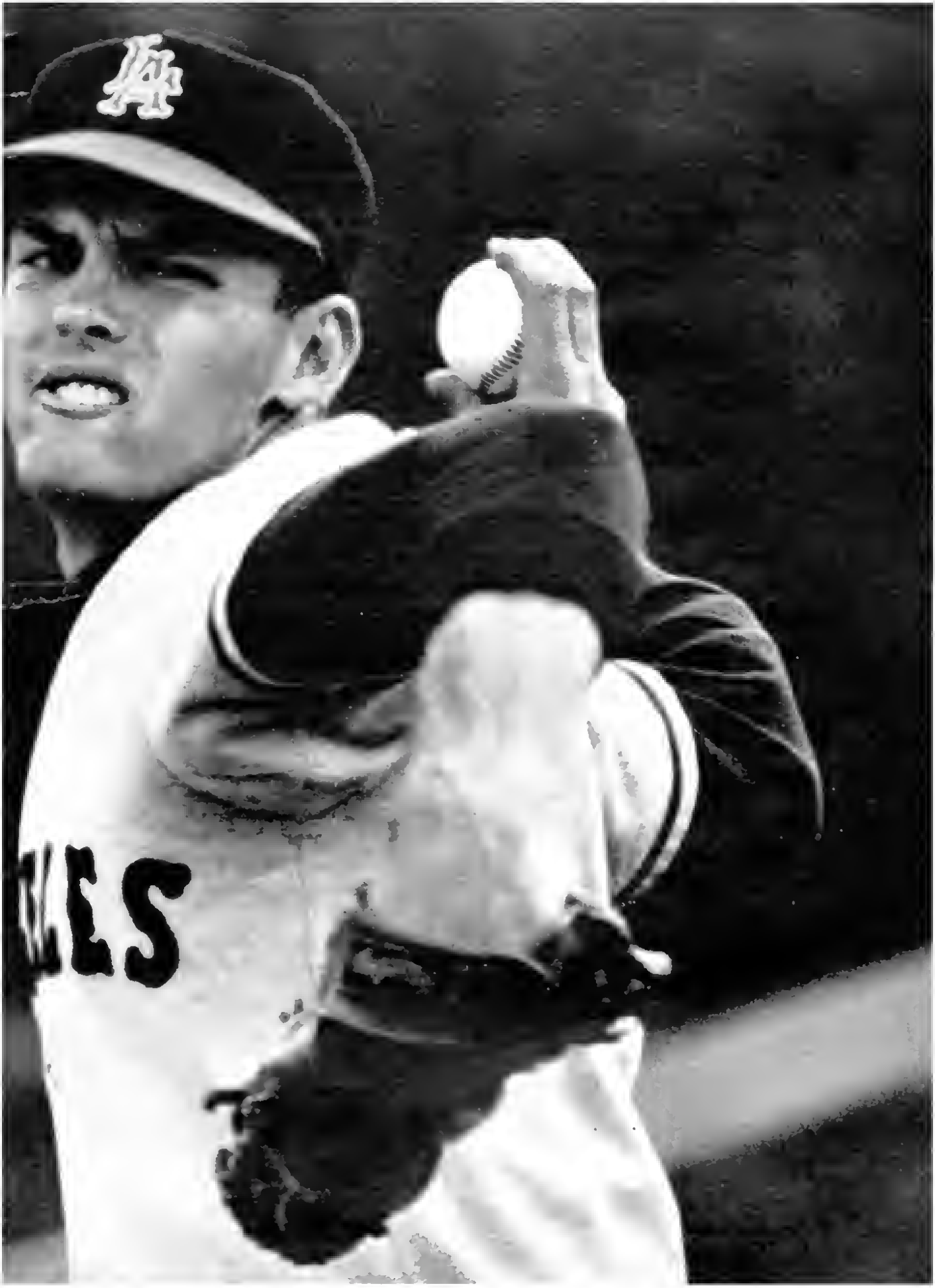
raise. I pitched 248 innings last year, led the club in strikeouts, earned run average and tied for the most wins [13] with Ken McBride. He got a nice raise. Know how many runs they got for me in my 18 losses? Twenty-two, that's how many. That's 1.22 runs a game. Only two pitchers in the league have had a lower ERA than me for the past two years. I'm worth more than the $18,000 they're paying me. The club slipped, not me. I get along fine with Rig and the rest. It's just that one guy [General Manager Fred Haney]. He's a dandy." ("Chance has been in the majors two years and he's making $18,000," said 42-year-old Pitcher Art Fowler resentfully. Fowler, after 20 years in baseball, is making $15,500. "He should drop to his knees and thank God," Fowler added.) Chance, 22, has much to be thankful for, including one of the best arms in the game and, some say, the best spitball. "He should coast to 15 wins with his arm," says former teammate Leon Wagner. "This boy has a good fast ball, curve and, ah, spitball. But he doesn't take the game real serious sometimes. He'll be leading like 3-1 late in a game, and he'll walk a man and the next batter will be a real good fast-ball hitter. Chance, he's sure this guy can't hit *his* fast ball, so he throws it in and there it goes. He could've won 10 more games. Rigney took him out because he wasn't serious enough." Rigney admits that "Chance is in a hurry to get a game over with sometimes, and it hurts him. Now he's at the point where he *has to come around in his thinking so he can be a complete* pitcher. Because he has all the equipment he feels he doesn't have to do any extra. When the other players stop running laps, he stops, too." The top right-handers behind Chance and Curve Baller McBride are Barry Latman (7-12, 4.95 with Cleveland), Paul Foytack (5-6) and Fred Newman (8-6 with Hawaii, 1-5 for the Angels). Latman, 20 pounds lighter this season, has shown better control and more determination than he has in years. The only starting left-hander will be Bo Belinsky (2-9, 5.76 ERA) unless rookie Danny Rivas (13-7 with Tacoma) sticks. Manning one of the best bullpens extant will be Fowler (5-3, 2.43, 8 saves); Julio Navarro (4-5, 2.90, 8 saves); Dan Osinski (8-8, 3.28), Jack Spring (3-0, 3.08); and Bob Duliba (6-5, 2.91 for Hawaii).

FIELDING A team that scores infrequently must field well, but last year the Angels gave away 90 unearned runs, next to the worst in the league. Much depends on whether rookie Bobby Knoop, a questionable fielder but a good hitter in the minors (.283, 20 home runs for Hawaii), can tighten the defense around second base. If that is taken care of, it will free Moran, who made more errors than any other second baseman in the league, to take over at third, where he fits in better. Only two regular shortstops had more errors than Fregosi, but he has the arm, range and hustle to become one of the best fielders in either league. Outfielders Pearson, Thomas and Jimmy Piersall and First Basemen Adcock and Dees are usually capable, rarely spectacular. Rodgers is one of the best defensive catchers around.

OUTLOOK A woeful offense will nullify good pitching and keep the Angels deep in the second division once again.

CONTINUED

DEAN CHANCE HAS THE PITCHES OF A VETERAN BUT IS AS IMMATURE IN OTHER WAYS AS HIS PAL BO BELINSKY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WASHINGTON SENATORS

The Senators were last in everything in 1963—last in hitting, fielding, pitching and, of course, last in the league.

HITTING Washington's most pressing need is for a third baseman who can hit. Chuck Hinton, an outfielder who can hit, can play third, but he will not, as Hinton says dramatically, except in time of "grave need." In past years, when the Senators could not be so choosy, Hinton, the best and most exciting player on any of the four expansion clubs, played almost everywhere. This peripatetic existence did not bother him in 1962, when he hit .310, but it did last year when he slumped to .269. This year the Washington front office has promised Hinton he will play the outfield, period. The Senators feel Hinton could be even better if he would bear down all the time. "Chuck ebbs and flows with the tide," says General Manager George Selkirk. "When we got off to a bad start last year and a lot of guys got hurt, he went a little sour." There is, too, the special problem of Hinton's popularity, which is definitely at high tide in Washington. He makes speeches all over town and is enmeshed in various projects, civic and charitable. Also economic: Hinton's insurance agency has four outlets now, and the Senators worry that Hinton thinks more about policies than pitchers. The fans, insured and otherwise, are strictly with Hinton, however, as was demonstrated by the flood of sympathy he got when he tried to come back too soon after a serious beaning by Ralph Terry last September. His average had crept up to the low .280s, but it tailed off after his hurried return. "I was seeing two balls and some butterflies," Hinton says, "but I had to come back as fast as I could. I had to prove to myself that I wasn't plate shy." His project now must be to prove to everyone that he is the player he gave promise of being in 1962. Manager Gil Hodges thinks Hinton could improve his swing by holding on to the bat a little longer with his top hand. Hinton could also raise his average by bunting more often. "Do you know what he says when he does bunt—I mean when he makes it?" asks George Case, a special coach with the team. "All he can talk about is how far he could have hit the pitch if he had swung away." Hinton should do better this year simply because the rest of the lineup is stronger. Last year opponents pitched around Hinton and made him swing at bad balls if he wanted to hit at all. But now American League pitchers will have more respect for the Washington hitters. Don Lock, despite a .252 average, had an impressive record (27 HRs and 82 RBIs) for his first full season. He has one big drawback, though—he strikes out much too much (151). Bill Skowron, who hit 23 home runs with the Yankees in 1962, is likely to be better as a regular with the Senators than he was with the Dodgers in 1963 when he spent much of the season on the bench. Jim King (.231) had 24 homers last year and completes a surprisingly powerful middle-of-the-lineup. Singles, however, will be harder to come by. Don Blasingame hit .315 the last five weeks of the season, and while he probably won't do that well, he does give Hodges a good lead-off man. Ed Brinkman has not hit in the majors but should improve if he learns to hit the ball where it is pitched. "I know he can hit," Hodges says. "When I call the hit and run—when he has to hit—he always gets a piece of it." Ken Hunt will lead the bench and could even win the right-field job if he is recovered from a back injury. Don Leppert had a great start last year until he got hit by a pitch on the elbow.

PITCHING The arms are here, but nobody, least of all Blue Cross, will bet on how long they last. Dave Stenhouse was good enough to start an All-Star Game in 1962, but he has lost 17 of 21 games since. It will take time to find out if he has returned to form following an operation for the removal of bone chips. Tom Cheney had four shutouts by the end of June last year, but his arm started hurting and he did not pitch again after July. The younger pitchers are risky insurance cases, too. Jim Duckworth (4–12) missed the 1959 and 1960 seasons with a bad arm, and Howie Koplitz, a chubby palm baller drafted from Detroit, has a history of tendonitis. A healthy lefty, Claude Osteen, presently leads the staff. He did not win a game till June 10, then finished 9–14, 3.35. The most likely Osteen of '64 is Jim Hannan, a Notre Dame grad who looks ready. A second possibility is Carl Bouldin, who is better known as captain of Cincinnati's first championship basketball team. The rest is strictly hope-springs-eternal—Steve Ridzik, Bennie Daniels and Don Rudolph for long relief and occasional starts, and Ron Kline, Ed Roebuck and Marshall Bridges for shorter work. The Senators think some pitching improvement can be attained simply through greater rapport. Accordingly, they set up an experiment in group therapy during spring training, in which one catcher was assigned two or three pitchers just to talk pitching. The idea was to promote understanding and familiarity between catcher and pitcher that was absent last year.

FIELDING For the first time the Senators are not just struggling to get nine guys together. Only the third-base situation is a bad one, and John Kennedy, a 22-year-old redhead who batted .290 for Hawaii, may remedy that. If Kennedy is not ready to hit major league pitching the job will probably go by default to Don Zimmer (.248), whenever his broken hand heals. Blasingame can still handle second, and at short, Brinkman is a good young one getting better. By season's end he may be the best fielding shortstop in the league. With Hinton, Lock and King, the Senators have a good outfield, they had 35 assists in 1963, and Lock has an exceptional arm. Skowron will be a tremendous help at first. A minor league Dodger, Mike Brumley, will pick up the catching, though holdovers Leppert and Ken Retzer, carrying less weight and recovered from injuries, will push Brumley for the job. The Senators led the league in errors last year, a distinction they now appear ready to avoid.

OUTLOOK If Hodges gets good years from his veterans, the Senators should escape the cellar. END

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2. The design-engineering team of Jack Hargrave and Don Mucklow.

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3. Fiberglass construction.

This is the strongest material available for boat construction.

The Navy has used it since 1946, (Over 90% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are fiberglass.)

The result is a unique craft that many compare favorably to custom built boats.

Extra degree of safety

The one-piece seamless fiberglass hull and one-piece fiberglass superstructure have a resilient quality that takes shocks and jolts better than other materials.

This gives the Hatteras an extra degree of safety.

There's no swelling, cracking or shrinking. No painting is required for

only boat tested and proved Graveyard of the Atlantic

fastenings, rust and corrosion are eliminated.

As a result, it's an easy—and economical—craft to maintain.

Jim Gardella, Cove Marina, Norwalk, Conn., who has experience with both wood and fiberglass boats, says about 80% is saved on hull upkeep with the Hatteras.

Unusually spacious

Through molded, reinforced fiberglass construction, beams, ribs and frames are eliminated. *All* of the inside is usable.

This makes the Hatteras a spacious boat. The Double Cabin, for example, larger boats. It has two private suites, each with bath. (And for additional privacy, the suites are at *opposite* ends of the boats.)

Interiors are Philippine Mahogany. The finishing and joining are similar to that found in fine furniture. (The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., a furniture center.)

Exceptionally comfortable

Owners say that this is an exceptionally comfortable boat; fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of the

After testing the Hatteras, Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, wrote:

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Hit the shot right, and get bite

FRANCIS GOLDEN

Swing firmly with the right hand, but do not let it roll over (red arrow). Moving it out toward the target (blue) will also keep the club face open and on line.

Backspin—or bite, as it is often called—is essential for a short approach shot hit to a green that is protected by hazards in front, or when the flagstick is placed in the forward portion of the green. It is hard for a weekend player to get backspin every time he wants it, because he simply does not play enough to master this kind of shot. There are, however, certain things you can do to help produce bite. First, the lie must be a good one, so that no grass gets between the ball and the face of the club. The ball should be positioned opposite the left heel, and the club face turned open just a bit at address. The swing should be made with a slight cutting action at the point where the club head comes into the hitting area. You can do this. Don't be afraid to try it. The sharper the angle at which the club head comes into the ball the more backspin will be produced, so the swing should be a very upright one. Using a wedge, I pick the club practically straight up and then bring it down sharply into the back of the ball. The club head must be moving very fast at impact, so it is important to apply a great deal of power in the hitting zone with the right hand. It is just as vital, however, that the right hand and wrist do not roll over the left until well into the follow-through. The hands must move straight out toward the target or the ball will be hit with a closed face and all sign of bite will be yanked out of the shot.

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Open the club face at address (left) and take the club back at a sharp angle (blue arrow, right). Taking too flat a swing (red arrow) will cause the shot to hook, putting overspin instead of backspin on the ball.

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Miami boasts of its sunshine and palms, but the venturous people of Chipley have another attraction —rattlesnakes. They hope you'll come to the rodeo

Devotees of competitive rattlesnake hunting, a new sport complete with thrills, chills and its own moment of truth, are deeply gratified that the winter (rattlesnake) season in northern Florida and southern Alabama attained such a smashing climax. The season's peak came with the windup of the National Rattlesnake Rodeo, featuring both sporting and social events, in Chipley, a small town in the middle of Florida's long arm that points toward California.

Pride ran high when Cub McDonald, a power-company lineman, was declared the principal winner with a total of 39 rattlesnakes, and Miss Amy Lee Wilson was crowned queen of the National Rattlesnake Rodeo. It was only too obvious, however, that many of the town's elite were missing, an absenteeism indicative of a certain division in the ranks of Chipley's citizens. Some feel that the National Rattlesnake Rodeo will bring fame, tourists and growth to Chipley just as sports-car racing has focused attention on Sebring and horse racing has lent fascination to Saratoga. There are others, including real-estate interests, who fear that publicizing Chipley as the rattlesnake capital of the world may have just the opposite effect.

While this controversy smolders, a close look at this test of man's skill, inventiveness and daring is in order. It is not a sport to be taken up lightly. As one snake catcher said, "You're not after a rabbit that can't fight back. When you're up against one of these big eastern diamondbacks you're dealing with something that can kill you if you don't handle him in an orderly fashion."

For two months, the duration of the rodeo, aficionados coaxed rattlers from gopher holes, using curious techniques evolved over the last eight years. Despite heavy rains that flooded many gopher holes, 234 rattlers were brought in to rodeo headquarters. A "gopher" in southern parlance is a tortoise that digs holes down to 20 feet deep in the soft, sandy soil. Incidentally, gophers were once considered a delicacy, and back during the Depression when money was scarce the gopher became an article of trade. Each

continued

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corner grocery store had its box of live gophers. A man turning in a large gopher for, perhaps, a box of matches and some bacon would get a small gopher as change. He would have his purchases and still could make some delicious gopher gumbo.

When the region's brief winter arrives the rattlesnakes seek the warmth of gopher holes. Franklin Morris, insurance man and ardent snake catcher, said, "The gopher and the rattlesnake are real good friends. You see the gopher builds a home for the snake." Friends or not, they share the same hole, a fact that spices the sport with uncertainty.

The rodeo contestant searches carefully until he finds a gopher hole, into which he puts one end of a 20-foot length of garden hose, twisting and pushing until it reaches the bottom. Then he blows into the funnellike mouthpiece attached to his end of the hose, like blowing into a speaking tube. Transferring the funnel to his ear, he listens, his expression intent. If a big grin spreads over his face, it means he has a snake on the other end of the line.

"The snake will either rattle, start crawling or blow back at you," Morris said. "Whichever he does you can hear him, because you have a direct line. An experienced man can tell immediately whether it's a snake or a gopher just by the way he moves."

Many holes must be tested, because the national average is only one snake per 19 holes. Having ascertained the rattler is there, the snake man pours a small amount of gasoline down the hose (not more than three ounces of regular gas is recommended). After blowing into the hose again he grabs his snake stick, a six-foot aluminum pole with a noose at one end, and takes an alert stance behind the hole. Discomfited by the gas fumes, the rattler crawls out. The snake is permitted to get clear of the hole. Then comes the moment of truth.

The eastern diamondback is the largest poisonous snake in the U.S., even larger than the western diamondback. The record for the eastern is 8 feet 9 inches, but it is such a heavy-bodied snake that anything over 4½ feet is a big snake. Its venom can cause death, and a badly bitten man will not want a repeat experience. It is upon this sinister, cold-eyed critter that your snake hunter must advance to place the noose over its head and pull tight. Novice catchers have been known

continued

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to come to the moment and suddenly retreat in a cold sweat, but the seasoned snake man lifts the snake and maneuvers it into a five-gallon lard can, removes the noose and claps down the lid.

These are time-tested procedures, although there are some variations. One is to suck the juice out of a lemon and, after filling it with gasoline, roll it down the hole. Some snake men locate the snake by shining a mirror down the hole, but this necessitates a sunny day and a straight hole. Occasionally there is a skunk in the hole. At such times the moment of truth becomes the moment of departure. Man's nature is such that he will face death but flee from an unpleasant odor

Rodeo contestants take their live snakes to a large, shed-type building at the edge of town, where members of the Washington County Sportsmen's Club record weights and lengths and put the reptiles in lighted cages for all to view. One year they hung snakes up beside U.S. Highway 90, and touring buses stopped to permit passengers to buy rattlesnake sandwiches. Morris and Pat Reynolds are both bonded rattlesnake handlers, the only club members permitted to handle the snakes when crowds are around. Just what effect the $1,000 bond would have if somebody got bitten is difficult to determine.

"There's something about this territory right around here that grows big snakes," Reynolds said with a note of local pride in his voice. In fact, rattlesnakes in that region became both large and unusually abundant beginning about 15 years ago. At that time lumber companies started tree farming and did not burn off the grass and brush in winter. This old custom of burning was believed to help the grass, and it certainly kept the snakes down But conservation officials discouraged it, and the practice was abandoned.

With the burning stopped, vegetation came back, mice, rats and rabbits increased and, in consequence, rattlesnakes flourished and appeared to grow larger than ever. This phenomenon was noted by the Washington County Sportsmen's Club, which already had decided that something should be done to attract attention to Chipley, the county seat. Founded in 1882, when the railroad came through, the town never grew fast. At the last census it had a population of 3,251, having gained only 350 in the 10

continued

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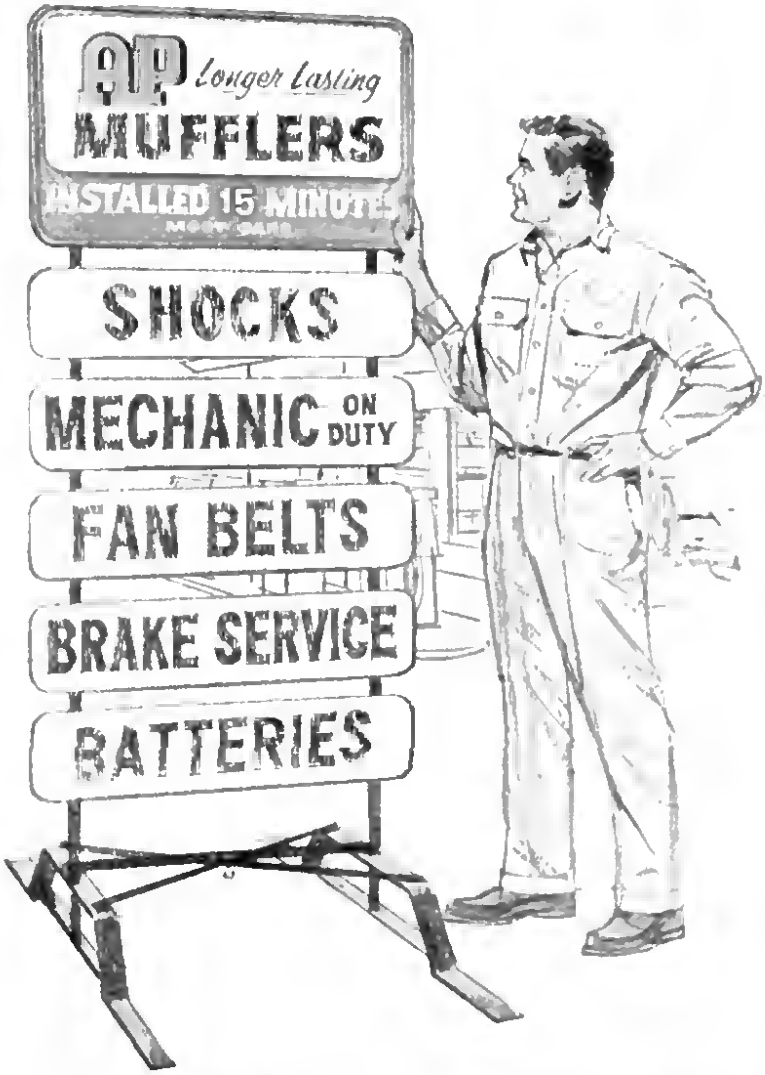

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preceding years. There is a big peanut mill not far away, and one of the country's largest fertilizer plants is in the next town, but the sportsmen felt Chipley needed something more dramatic to lure tourists. Maybe a rattlesnake rodeo would do it.

Members of the Sportsmen's Club flew into action. Mayor E. W. Carswell helped out, as did Dr. Howard B. Tiller, a dentist who loves to hunt snakes when he is not pulling teeth, Marty Hinson, who runs the hotel, Judge Warren Fitzpatrick of the Circuit Court, and many others. In their enthusiasm they set it up as the National Rattlesnake Rodeo, welcoming all comers with eastern diamondbacks and adding a beauty contest and social gala to boot. Their aim was to outshine all other rattlesnake rodeos—this year half a dozen were held in the general area. This the Chipley group did, as was evidenced by the festival in the high school gymnasium.

Mrs. Charles King played *Someone to Watch over Me* and other appropriate numbers on the organ. Six big diamondbacks crawled and rattled on the gym floor while Dennie Sebolt, professional snake man, gave a talk on poisonous snakes. Seventeen young beauties of the region paraded before the judges. First they slunk around the gym in bathing suits and then in evening gowns, just like they do in the Miss America contest. After Amy Lee was crowned queen she was asked if she had had many previous associations with rattlesnakes.

"Oh my, yes. Why, they killed 18 on our place one summer," the queen said with candid pride, "and once I almost stepped on one."

The prize money was awarded amid thunderous applause. McDonald accepted his $150 for having caught the most, 39. Second prize of $100 went to Morris with 20 rattlers. He also won an electric hair dryer in the raffle. Skip Mason took third prize of $50 with 18 snakes; Karl Richards received $35 for the heaviest snake (9 pounds 15 ounces); and $35 for the longest snake (5 feet 9 inches) went to Eddie Reynolds.

Everyone present agreed that the rodeo had been a rattling success, but the question of just how much it will affect the growth and prosperity of the town of Chipley remains moot. It is still rather doubtful that the population explosion in Chipley can keep up with the rattlesnake explosion. END

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"I know that one should not look a gift horse in the mouth," said roly-poly old **Nikita Khrushchev**, bubbling with goodwill on a visit to Hungary. But the precept was promptly forgotten when Hungary's Communist Premier **Janos Kadar** presented him with a coach and five dashing stallions as a door prize. On the chance, presumably, that Mao Tse-tung might have gotten to Kadar first, the Russian dictator started to peer into the lead stallion's mouth with an old peasant's caution when the horse reared away. "I just wanted to see if they are young," K. explained.

"I'm never going to play baseball with your son again because he's a bad sport," said a strong-minded 10-year-old to former Ambassador to Finland **Carl T. Rowan**. "Why is he a bad sport?" asked the ex-diplomat who recently became the first Negro chief of the USIA. "Does he still want to pitch and umpire too?" "No," replied the white youngster. "Carl is not a good sport because he never lets me be Willie Mays."

"I couldn't stand that ugly cheesecloth thing," said the wife of famed Lexington, Ky. Horseman **John H. Clark** when a doctor some years ago suspended her broken arm in gauze, "so I decided to design a sling of my own." The result—a modish swatch of silk held together by silver rings—was such a success with her friends that Mabe Clark is now in the sling business for keeps. Damaged members belonging to nine-goal Polo Player **Lewis Smith** of Aiken, S.C. and Kentucky Horseman **A. B. (Bull) Hancock Jr.** have been fashionably slung by Mrs. Clark, and the latest to wear a Mabe sling is Texas Governor **John Connolly**, who returned to work with his arm resting tastefully in gray herringbone.

Pulling furiously at his oar in a Columbia University shell on New York's Harlem River, **Heikki Hannikainen**, son of the Finnish ambassador to Peru, suddenly spotted a damsel in distress. Leaping from the shell, the 21-year-old crewman swam over and grabbed 7-year-old Ann Cushin just in time. "Luck," said the modest Nordic hero. "I hit the right current and found myself right next to her." All right, but in 46° weather the Harlem River is no sauna bath.

Challenged to jump—"If you've got the guts, we've got the plane"—by some of his wartime friends, TV Writer **Rod Serling** took off into the Twilight Zone above Fort Bragg to conjure up some airborne memories. After 19 safe years on the ground, ex-paratrooper Serling (*right*) jumped out of the plane at 1,200 feet and plummeted to a perfect landing. "Just like landing on a Sealy mattress," he sighed, with a TV man's faith in sponsors.

"Throw your heart over the bar," Dr. **Norman Vincent Peale** once counseled a diffident high jumper, "and your body will follow." On the chance that such positive thinking might work with lagging hockey players, Toronto Coach **Punch Imlach** whipped his slumping Maple Leafs off to a showing of *One Man's Way* (the Norman Vincent Peale story on film) after a bitter loss to Montreal in the Stanley Cup semifinals. The positively charged Leafs won the next game to tie the series, but, alas, the Peale wore off and the negative Canadiens went ahead once again.

"When sailing one forgets all the cares that are usually on one's mind," says **Gaston Defferre**, the intrepid Mediterranean yachting champion whose major concern ashore is how to oust **Charles de Gaulle** from the presidency of France. "When I sail in a race," says the Socialist sailor, "I sail to win." And if Defferre fails to sink his opponent at the polls, it may be only that what held true for the yachtsman in an Easter race off Marseilles last week is true also of French politics. "The weather," as one Defferre crewman put it, "was very difficult, and the wind was against us."

Secret Agent **James Bond** gets his kicks by tracking down dangerous spies and beautiful women. But his alter ego, Actor **Sean Connery**, prefers soccer. A former pro player in England, Connery dashed out for a quick game in Turkey while filming *From Russia with Love*, ended up with a black eye and a stern command from the studio never again to put Bond in such jeopardy. "Anyway," said the battered Connery, "I was so out of practice that I kicked the Turks as often as the ball."

Queen Elizabeth's first cousin, **Prince William of Gloucester**, and nine Stanford classmates pushed off from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico for a bit of fun in the sun in a beautiful chartered yacht. One hour out, the mainsail jammed halfway down the mast. Then the engine failed to start, and when the seagoing Indians and their royal chief tried to call for help the radio went kaput. With nothing to do but wait out the calamity, Prince William, or Just Plain Bill, as he likes to be called, decided to cook up some bacon and eggs. The stove blew up.

BASKETBALL / *Tom C. Brody*

Who says you can't win 'em all?

In this Olympic sport the U.S. has shown that you can, and the 1964 Tokyo squad will continue that winning tradition. There seems to be a natural, happy affinity between the American boy and the basketball

For three days and nights last week, 94 of the best basketball players in the country rushed up and down the St. John's University Alumni Hall in New York City while the deadly serious eyes of U.S. Olympic Coach Hank Iba followed them every inch of the way. Every time a player dropped a pass or missed a shot, Iba saw it, noted it and waited. Eventually all this rushing about produced the U.S. Olympic team that Iba will take to Tokyo in October. These are the first Olympians chosen for our team, and if all of the others could be as sure of victory the Games might well be called off right now and all the gold medals shipped to the U.S.

The U.S. has won the title in every one of the five Olympics that have had basketball on the program; indeed, we have never lost a game. Iba's team may not be the equal of the Lucas-Robertson-West crew that swept through the field at Rome in 1960 under Coach Pete Newell, but it will do.

Fortunately, too, the selection of this team was accomplished swiftly and without the rancor between NCAA and AAU committee members that marked previous occasions. True enough, not every player in the 94 who deserved a place got it, but it is also true that if everyone had the squad would number about 25. When the list was handed to Iba by the committee three hours after the final game was played Saturday night, happy lines raced all over his broad, rugged face. "I got what I wanted," he said.

What Iba got in his backcourt, for example, are four speedy, hustling ballhandlers. Larry Brown, formerly of the University of North Carolina and more recently with the AAU champion, Goodyear Wingfoots, was about half a foot shorter than most of the players on the St. John's floor. Yet he charged about so fearlessly—and ceaselessly—that worried spectators feared he would fly right off the court and into their laps like a light plane with its throttle stuck. "Every time he comes in for a layup, I cringe," said former pro star Bob Davies, whose kid brother, Dick, also made the team. Brown is not just a frantic dasher-about. He is a superb playmaker, as are teammates Walt Hazzard and Jeff Mullins. These may not be the best shooters in the world, but they are by far the best all-round backcourters, and Iba has a wealth of firepower elsewhere on his squad.

Take Pete McCaffrey and Jerry Shipp. Both are monotonously accurate from fair distances and make a 20-foot baseline shot look easy. Then there is Arizona State's Joe Caldwell, possibly the most graceful and best-coordinated athlete in the trials. Caldwell is not a top-grade shooter, but when he does shoot he gets the ball through the hoop on his first, second, third or fourth follow-up. He follows up relentlessly, on smooth-muscled legs that he uses like fiber-glass vaulting poles. And he runs like a whippet. In the final game he shot from one corner, retrieved the ball from a tangle of arms as it bounced from the rim toward the other corner and slapped it through cleanly.

Olympic spectators who remember Jerry Lucas are going to see a slightly

THE EYES OF COACH HANK IBA (BELOW), ALL 10 PLAYERS AND BOTH REFEREES (OPPOSITE) FOLLOW THE BALL IN TRIALS GAME

smaller version at Tokyo in Bill Bradley —the same deadpan, calm control, the same unselfish passing-off to teammates in slightly better scoring position, the same easy, natural skill that comes from playing this game since age 4. Bradley is an above-average shooter even by our standards, which means that he is about 40% better than most Europeans and South Americans. Just in case Iba wants a 6-foot-5 guard against the Russians, Brazilians or other traditionally tall teams, he can use Bradley at that spot —or Caldwell, for that matter—without any loss in playmaking or ball-handling. If he wants another speedster up front to team with Caldwell, he can play Mullins there with the barest drop in shooting ability.

All of this and muscle, too. No one, not even the 7-foot, potato-soup-stuffed giants the Russians keep coming up with, is going to take a rebound away from Jim Barnes. He jumps as breathtakingly as Caldwell and is much stronger. And he seems to take a football lineman's delight in crashing through a cluster of thick-muscled rivals to get his large hands on the ball. The international rules under which the Olympic Games are played afford considerably more protection to such an aggressive style than our own rules do. Barnes should enjoy himself in Tokyo. So will Lucious Jackson and George Wilson, our other centers. Mel Counts, the fourth chosen for that position, will undoubtedly be used as a forward instead—not just because he can be spared as a rebounder on this team but because he is a rarity among 7-footers: he shoots as accurately from outside as a little man.

"When I think of the good players who won't make this team," said Oregon State Coach Slats Gill as he awaited the selections, "it breaks my heart." Slats meant it. He is that kind of warm, considerate gentleman. But if Slats is still sad today, so, surely, are excellent players like Cazzie Russell, Wally Jones, Cotton Nash, Willie Murrell, Dave Stallworth and a dozen others who were passed over. Now, a smart coach would wangle Panamanian citizenship for this bunch of unhappy rejects, suit them up, take them to Tokyo—and who'd bet they wouldn't win? **END**

MOTOR SPORTS / *Bob Ottum*

The little engine that could

Chrysler racing engines took on mythic proportions at Daytona, but at Atlanta Ford struck back

There is something about stock-car racing that appeals to the South as to no other section of the country. Last Sunday at Atlanta there was something special. Approximately 70,000 persons —20,000 more than a typical crowd for a big Georgia Tech football game—tramped through the clayey mire of Atlanta's International Raceway and settled in for a rattling good 500-mile grudge match. Like racing fans everywhere, they knew that Plymouths had risen from obscurity to smite the lofty Fords in February's Daytona 500, knew that Henry Ford II himself had witnessed that embarrassment and suspected that Mr. Ford had flicked a cat-o'-nine-tails here and there among his engineers as an encouragement to produce winning hardware for Atlanta.

Whether he did or not, they did. Tossing in a hurriedly revamped engine against the hemispherical-head power plants first sprung by Chrysler Corporation at Daytona, they enjoyed delectable revenge as Ford Driver Fred Lorenzen rolled in first at a record-breaking average speed of 134.25 mph. Ford had its moments of anxiety, though. Plymouth's Paul Goldsmith drove like Dillinger to lead strongly before taking a stupendous flip, and cars were cracking up or breaking down at such a rate that conceivably there might have been no finishers. At that, seven Dodges and Plymouths—out of the original 42-car field—were among the lonely 10 healthy enough to take the checkered flag, while just two Fords made it in. But at least they were dry.

The raceway is new—still abuilding in the rolling Georgia red-clay hills south of town. When it rains—which it does faithfully in April and did by the bucket and barrelful last week—the runoff drains into the infield and colors everyone standing there burnt umber. Racing operations are conducted from five house trailers parked hubcap-deep around the 1½-mile track.

Keeping his cigar dry at all times, Chrysler Racing Chief Ronnie Householder could not conceal his confidence in the factory-supported Dodges and Plymouths that were to engage the factory Fords and Mercurys. Understandably, the hemi engine is the corporate pride and joy of Chrysler and the personal pride of Householder, who talks about it in warm, affectionate language as though it might be alive.

"What shall we call it?" he asks, speaking around his racing cigar. "The King Kong?"

Chrysler's King Kong, he admitted, "is under . . . well, more than passing consideration for use in passenger cars. It could—and this is unofficial—appear in next year's models I would think." He smiled an unofficial smile. "It would be derelict for us to let this opportunity lag for more than a model year."

The chief reason for the racing success of the hemi is not its newness, but that Chrysler has put so much engine into its smaller cars. The basic hemi engines, before their redesign, were used from 1952 through 1958 to power the houseboat-sized Imperials and New Yorkers. In the smaller Plymouths and Dodges now they crouch doubled up under the hoods, looking mean.

There is no such stuffing problem at Ford, whose stock-racing engine, while of nearly equal piston displacement, comes in a much smaller package. A bit carried away, one Ford executive who came to Atlanta to look under the hoods murmured, "Ford's trouble today is that it has more car and less engine than any other manufacturer."

Racing fans who for years had concentrated on the drivers were quite suddenly caught up in the crisis atmosphere

THE WINNER at Atlanta was this revamped Ford V-8, shown as it is being hoisted to the car of Fred Lorenzen (*in jacket*). Revving the engine to new limits, Lorenzen broke race record.

that came from the executive suite. And spectators whose Fords, Mercurys, Plymouths and Dodges were parked out there in the Georgia goo had something new at stake (in addition to the real possibility that they would never find their cars again).

"The past stress on drivers," said Householder, "is now transferring to product. It's a good thing, really. And we intend to keep our lead."

Ralph Moody of Holman & Moody, the concern that handles much of Ford's racing effort, agreed—in part. Said Moody, clearly anticipating that the Fords would rise again: "If competition gets too lopsided, racing ain't worth a damn."

The preliminary events to the 500 indicated that Plymouth's lopsided Daytona sweep would not be repeated here: the fastest cars qualifying for the race were two Fords. Then came a Plymouth, another Ford, a Mercury and a Dodge. But their times (146.470 to 144.849 miles an hour) were close enough to insure a rip-roaring battle. In Saturday's warmup race, Ford finished first, then it was Dodge, Ford, Mercury, Dodge.

Ford's Frank Zimmerman, the special vehicles manager, flew down to Atlanta for the 500, donned a sport shirt and a yellow golf sweater and pinned on an identification badge that read, "Frank Zim." Thus disguised, he prowled casually around the track looking like a corporation executive prowling casually around a track.

"At Daytona," explained Zimmerman, "we had engine durability trouble. Since then we have refined the engine. At Atlanta we can go faster. What's more, this is not a track where aerodynamics is a critical factor as at Daytona. This race is more a test of chassis design than of Daytona-style flat-out speed."

But, chassis be darned, Ford was clearly counting on the good soup it had urgently put into its power plants. Far from being revolutionary, the new Atlanta engine had a lighter valve train and redesigned rod bolts ("You really wouldn't notice anything if you didn't know the changes were there," shrugged one Ford pit man), boosting engine performance from 6,200 to 7,000 rpm with an output of some 425 horsepower.

Chrysler had, Householder indicated, plenty of horses already, thank you—500, according to the opposition.

When a Friday rainstorm stopped all qualifying and practice runs—and further gummed up the infield—crews fell upon the cars with wrenches. Sponsors hovered solicitously by. Drivers fretted. Coffee flowed like motor oil.

Atlanta newspaper handicappers, taking no chances, picked Ford's pole position driver Fred Lorenzen (who had won the last two 500s, took the preliminary race and qualified with the fastest time) as the man to beat.

Meanwhile, back at the executive-house trailer, Raceway President Nelson Weaver watched the corporation-and-dagger goings on with a benign smile. Advance ticket sales and the crowd lined up outside the ticket house trailer showed the drama was paying off

Sunday turned out to be a thoroughly miserable spring day—overcast and cold. To Weaver, however, it was a Sabbath of Sabbaths. After counting the house he declared it to be the largest sports gathering in Georgia history. Weaver's only worry as the day progressed was that this might be the first 450-mile 500 of his career. Goldsmith's was the most spectacular of the alarming number of accidents that threatened to obliterate the field. He had looked like the winner from the start, but after exactly one hour and twenty-six minutes of the 3¾-hour race he skidded into the guardrail, turned over and set an unofficial distance record for motoring upside down. Like all the others involved in wrecks, he was well-protected by roll bars and safety harness and climbed out unhurt.

Other favorites fell dramatically—Ford's Fireball Roberts in a smashup as he skittered out of a turn, Ford's Dan Gurney and Mercury's Parnelli Jones from tire failures. When Lorenzen eased into the lead after Goldsmith's crash it was, in effect, all over, although no one could be certain at the time. For a while it appeared that Dodge's Bobby Isaac, who was to finish second, could give Lorenzen trouble, but at the end he was two laps behind.

"The new engine is great," said Lorenzen in victory lane. "I knew I was ahead, and I didn't want to take any chances, so I ran the last 30 laps real slow." Your move, Mr. Householder. END

THE LOSERS included top Plymouth drivers Richard Petty (*left*) and Paul Goldsmith, here talking with racing boss Ronnie Householder. Consolingly, seven Chrysler cars were in top 10.

LOOKING DISTURBED, Italy's Giorgio Belladonna ponders play through wafts of smoke.

LOOKING GRIM, Robert Jordan puffs on his cigar as he brings home a difficult contract.

The U.S. prepares an assault on bridge Italian style

The Italians are favored to win the upcoming World Olympiad, but they must beat a strong American team which uses psychological warfare

Italy has completed its selection trials for the World Olympiad, which begins in New York on May 1, and the results will not cheer the other 29 competing nations. Italy's six-man team is, with one exception, the same as the one that won the Bermuda Bowl for the sixth straight time at the world championships in St. Vincent last June. Back again is Pietro Forquet, always impeccably dressed and cool under pressure. His partner is Benito Garozzo, short and dark-haired, whose tinted glasses give him a misleadingly sinister look. Massimo D'Alelio, a veteran of many world championships, will pair with Camillo Pabis Ticci, who, as the team rookie in St. Vincent, was properly serious and surprisingly consistent. The new man on the team is not really new at all. He is Walter Avarelli, a Roman magistrate, who has returned to the bridge wars after a year's absence, replacing Eugenio Chiaradia. Chiaradia, who at 52 was the oldest of the Italian players, was shaky in St. Vincent. His replacement, Avarelli, will play with Giorgio Belladonna, perhaps the most important player on the team.

Belladonna is 40, a plump, jovial man with large, saucer eyes and a bushy mustache. He might easily pass as a waiter in the neighborhood pizzeria. But Belladonna is a bridge pro, and in bridge circles it is justly said: "As Belladonna goes, so goes Italy." Belladonna is not Italy's best player. Forquet, as precise as a machine gun, is. But Belladonna is what is known as a swing-maker, a player given to big wins and big losses. He takes chances and, more often than not, he succeeds.

Although it is a good team that Italy will send to New York for the Olympiad, it is not unbeatable. In the first Olympiad, played in Turin in 1960, Italy finished sixth with much the same team it will present next month. France won the title that year, with England a close second. Italy also failed in the European championships last year, as England won with an incredible 100 victory points out of a possible 102. And even though Italy won the world championship in 1963, it had to rally to overcome a U.S. lead on the last day of play.

This year France and England are favored to reach the four-team final round along with, of course, Italy and the U.S. The Italians respect France and England, but they have good reason to believe that their big battle will be with the U.S.

Giorgio Belladonna, for instance, knows that sooner or later he probably will have to sit down at the bridge table with Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, and the thought must bother him. Jordan and Robinson are the only holdovers from last year's U.S. team. Jordan, 36, is a bull, gruff and aggressive, perfectly willing to dislike an opponent if that is what is needed to win. When not playing bridge, Jordan sells cemetery plots near Philadelphia. Robinson is 27, almost frail and given to nervous stomach disorders during tournament bridge. He has a quiet sense of humor. Driving one day through the Alps high above St. Vincent, Robinson saw a villager toting a huge bale of hay on his shoulders. "Look at him," Robinson mused. "I'll bet he never has to worry about a takeout double."

Jordan and Robinson were continually pitted against Belladonna because, of

the three U.S. pairs, they were best acquainted with Belladonna's system of bidding, the Roman Club. They handled it well. Both Jordan and Robinson are inveterate cigar smokers, and they had been told that Belladonna dislikes cigars. From the first hand to the last, the game was played under a cloud of blue smoke. Belladonna coughed and scowled, but Jordan and Robinson smoked on. They also played some first-class bridge, such as the hand shown at right, which upset Belladonna far more than the cigar smoke.

When the hand was played in the closed room, young Jim Jacoby opened the East hand with a one-heart bid, so that the singleton heart lead by Bobby Nail insured the defeat of the five diamond contract. Perhaps Belladonna should have led his lone heart even without a heart bid from his partner, but he did not, and Jordan took full advantage.

Jordan ducked the club lead in the dummy and ruffed in his hand. He laid down the diamond ace and led a low diamond to the king. As he did so, the Americans in the Bridge-O-Rama room groaned. Jordan was obviously down. He had to lose two heart tricks and the queen of diamonds, no doubt about it. But Jordan wasn't through. He lit a fresh cigar and went to work. First he cashed the club ace, discarding a heart, trumped a club, crossed to dummy's spade queen and ruffed another club. Next he played the ace and king of spades and trumped his fourth spade in the dummy. Belladonna had to follow helplessly as Jordan trumped still another club for his 11th trick. Belladonna was left with the dubious pleasure of trumping one of his partner's good heart tricks. The result was a combined gain of 450 points, worth 10 International Match Points to the U.S. team.

But it was Belladonna who had the last laugh. When the tournament was over and Italy had won, all the players gathered for a victory banquet. During it, Belladonna produced a big cigar, lit it and calmly blew a cloud of smoke in Jordan's face. END

West dealer
East-West vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q 9
♥ 7 4 3
♦ K 9 5
♣ A 9 8 7 5

WEST
♠ J 7 5 3
♥ 6
♦ Q 7 2
♣ K J 10 4 3

EAST
♠ 8 4 2
♥ A K 10 9 8 2
♦ 3
♣ Q 6 2

SOUTH
♠ A K 10 6
♥ Q J 5
♦ A J 10 8 6 4
♣ —

The bidding, open room:

WEST (*Belladonna*)	NORTH (*Robinson*)	EAST (*Pabis Tucci*)	SOUTH (*Jordan*)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1 ♦
PASS	1 N.T.	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 ♦	PASS	4 ♦
PASS	5 ♣	PASS	5 ♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	

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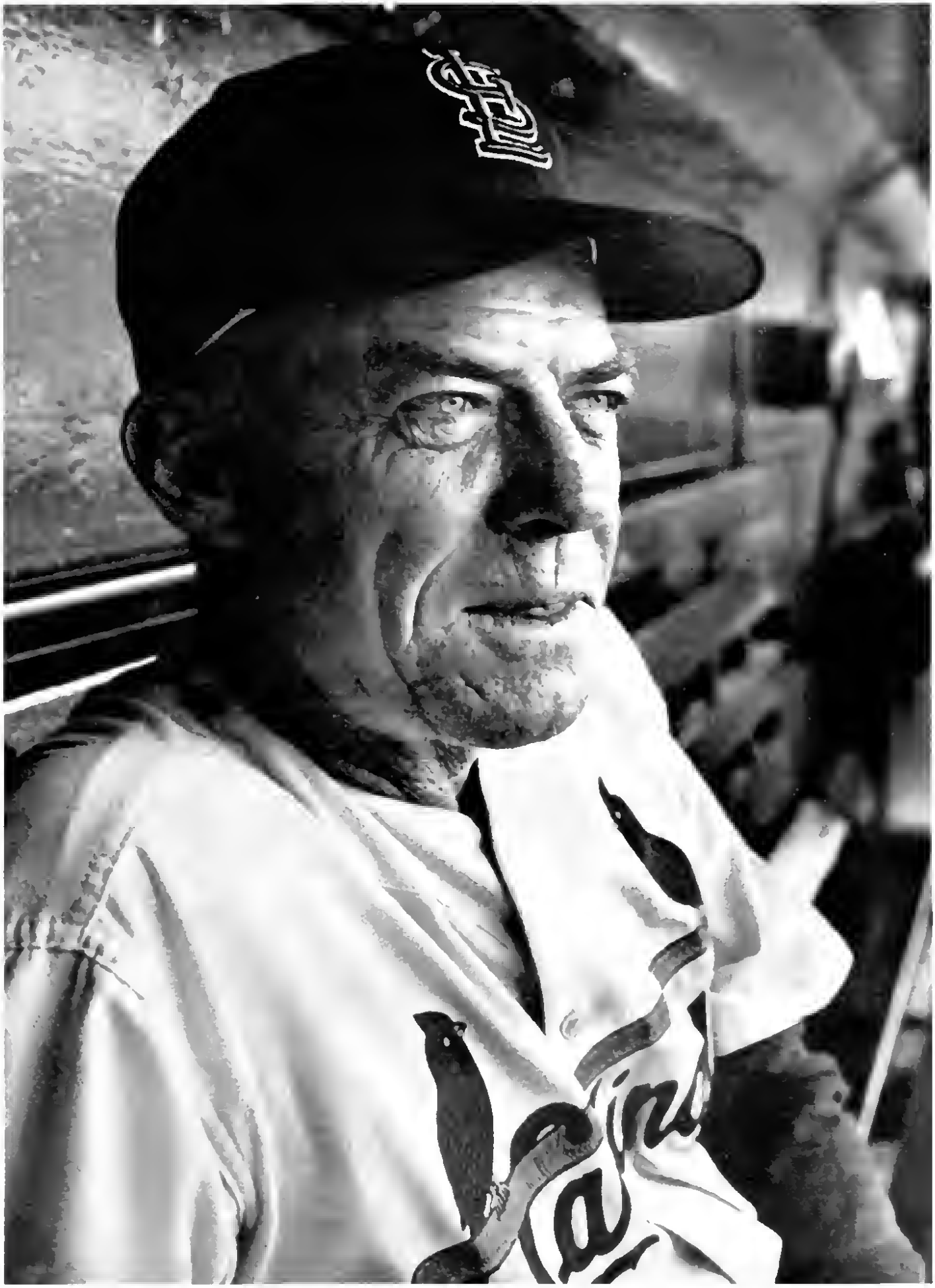


HERB SCHARFMAN

If he were not one of the most unassuming men in baseball, the Cardinals' Manager of the Year might describe himself, in his best south St. Louis style, as follows:

THAT JOHNNY KEANE IS A FINE MANAGER IS WHAT HE SURE IS

by JACK OLSEN

When Manager Johnny Keane of the St. Louis Cardinals benches a player, he does it with a touch so gentle as to leave the poor fellow with a feeling that he is being rewarded for industrious effort. Contrast this with the manager in Ring Lardner's short story, "Hurry Kane," who says to a pitcher: "You so-and-so so-and-so! You're going to stay right in there and pitch till this game is over! And if you don't pitch like you can pitch, I'll shoot you dead tonight just as sure as you're a yellow, quitting ——!"

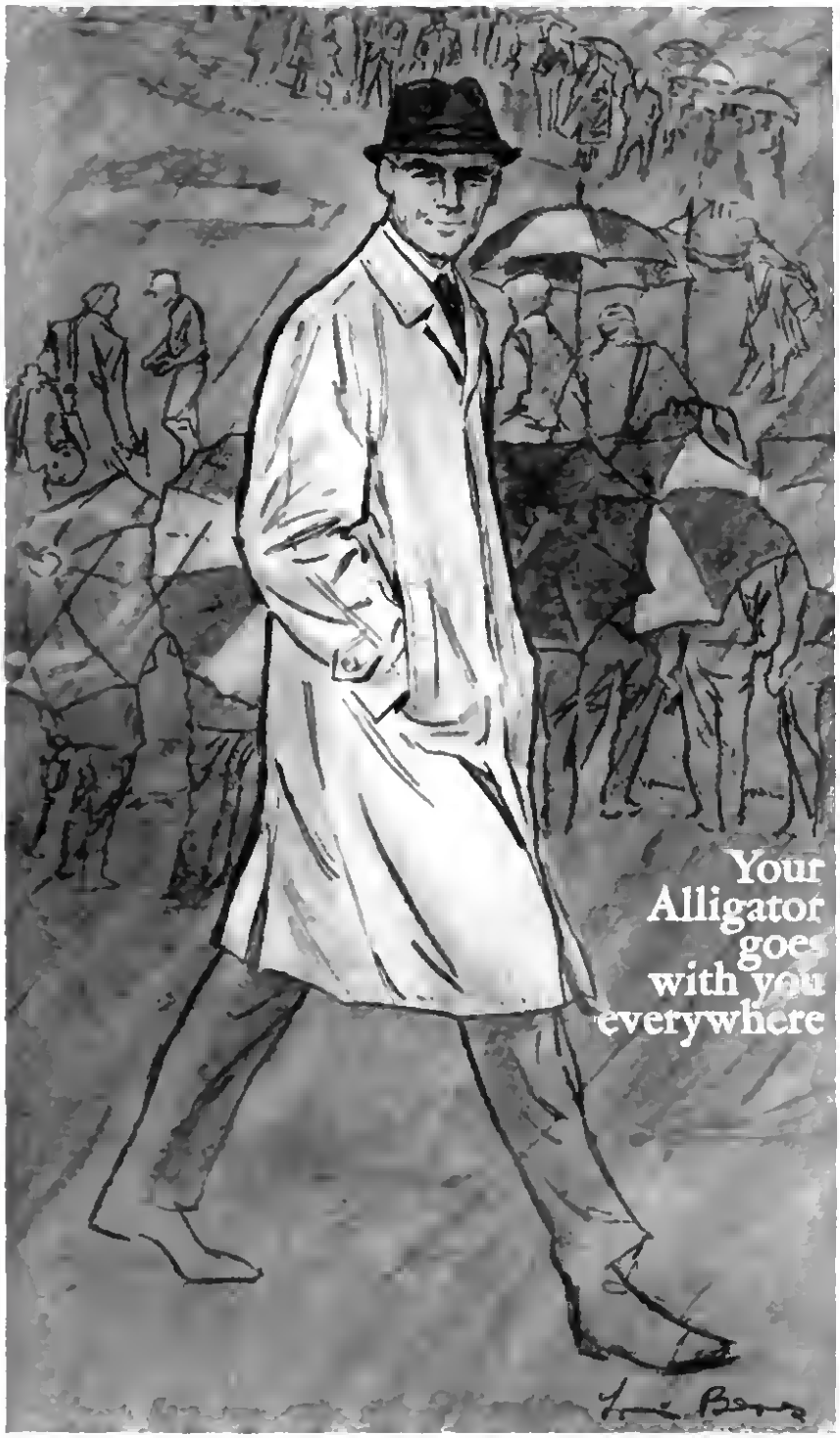
The difference between the two approaches is as much a commentary on baseball as it is on Johnny Keane. It was the fashion until not so long ago for managers to call ballplayers so-and-so's and ——s and even harsher epithets lifted out of context from the Holy Bible and the Paradise Pool Parlor. Such expressions are not unknown to Johnny Keane, but they do not come naturally to him. He has been an approving observer of the grand metamorphosis, still in process, which has seen the major league ballplayer rise out of the muck. Once the typical pro was a social slob, unaccepted by polite society, oriented to the barnyard, devoted to cheap whisky and given to such scintillating bon mots as "We're agonna make 'em shell the corn!"

The new ballplayer, epitomized by such gentlemen as Sandy Koufax and Bobby Richardson and Dick Groat and dozens of others, has been to college, or acts as though he has. He dresses in quiet good taste, he drinks in moderation, if at all, and he has a profound sense of his own human dignity. As Keane says, "You used to be able to treat a player like dirt, and I guess it worked because that's the way we expected to be handled, but that's not the way they expect to be handled now. These fellows are well paid. They live on a high level, and they try to meet their responsibilities in the public eye. They're not going to be treated like animals."

This new kind of ballplayer calls for a new kind of manager. Johnny Keane is the new kind of manager.

It would be pleasant to report that the St. Louis ownership carefully groomed Keane for his job and moved him into the breach at precisely the right moment of history in a master stroke of ad-

continued



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ministrative judgment. It would also be untrue. Since S. M. Graffen became the first manager in 1876, the front office has made 53 changes, a league record. For the better part of two decades Johnny Keane toiled away unsung on the Cardinals' farms while the panjandrums in St. Louis tried on this manager and that manager for size. None of them fit, and Keane finally got the job almost by default in the middle of the 1961 season. During his three-month tenure that year, the Cardinals racked up the best record (47-33) of any National League team. In 1962, a rebuilding year, the team slipped, but last year the Cards finished second after throwing a genuine Bela Lugosi scare into the Los Angeles Dodgers in the closing weeks of the season. The attack on the Dodgers included a 19-out-of-20-game winning streak and moved San Francisco Giant Manager Alvin Dark to wire Keane at the end of the season: IN MY OPINION YOU DID A MASTERFUL JOB. THANKS FOR KEEPING THE NATIONAL LEAGUE PENNANT RACE ON A HIGH LEVEL.

While Keane was carefully explaining to all who would listen that he himself did not get a base hit or even a fielding chance during the streak, that the games were won by the likes of Curt Flood and Ernie Broglio and Bill White and Stan Musial, others were more inclined to accept Dark's diagnosis and credit Keane with the onslaught. These others included the baseball writers who voted him National League Manager of the Year by an embarrassingly wide margin over another typical representative of the new breed of manager, Walter Alston of the Dodgers.

Keane came out of south St. Louis, which means that he says "fark" for fork, "shart" for short and occasionally indulges himself in a patented Missouri regionalism that might be described as a double indicative parallelism. It is exemplified by Keane's statement: "That Curt Flood is a terrific center fielder is what he is." Johnny Keane himself is a little guy is what he is: he stands five feet eight and weighs 160 pounds, or 10 pounds over his playing weight, he speaks in a low, resonant voice that sound like Everett Dirksen's without

the sugar content; he has clear blue eyes and salt-and-pepper hair which he wears in a crew cut to obscure the fact that it is no longer luxuriant, his face is scamy and lined and leathery from the accumulated traumas of 25 years in the bushes. He doesn't drink ("unless I can't get out of it, and then I just sip a little to be polite") but, as though to balance the scales for his lack of visible sins, he smokes with wild abandon, disposing of 15 small cigars a day, and inhaling them at that.

For six years Keane studied for the priesthood, and the story has been circulated that the big, bad, secular Cardinals lured him away from this noble calling with the promise of a professional baseball contract. "That's not really true," says the candid Keane. "What happened is that I just discovered that I didn't have a true vocation for the priesthood." The fact is that he was a hotshot athlete, pursued by packs of sporting entrepreneurs who wanted him on their side. On Saturday afternoons, when fellow seminarians studied until 3, Keane cut classes to play first-string quarterback for a big high school under an assumed name. He sneaked off to play baseball in the fast St. Louis semipro leagues, mostly with former professionals. And during his years at Kenrick Seminary he was often forced to vanish from the classroom to play inside right for a semipro soccer team.

When the Cardinal organization discovered him Keane was on the verge of signing a professional soccer contract. Instead, he went out to Sportsmen's Park for a tryout, and there one of those events occurred that shape the future. As Keane puts it: "I went into the clubhouse scared and confused. The players hadn't come in yet, and the equipment man, Butch Yatkeman, gave me an old dirty uniform and a cap that didn't fit. I dressed and sat down to wait. The players started to come in and I got more nervous, and then Andy High—he was the regular third baseman then—Andy came up and said, 'Son, what are you doing here?' and I said, 'I'm gonna work out with the Cardinals.' He said, 'Come here a minute,' and he took a spotless uniform out of his locker and handed it

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to me and said, 'Take that thing off and put this on.' I'll never forget his kindness. Andy's a scout for the Dodgers now, but he's had an effect on the Cardinals. Whenever any boy comes out for a trial, he gets a clean uniform and a new cap." (And he gets it from an older, and presumably wiser, Butch Yatkeman.)

The Cards signed the half-pint shortstop off his workout that day and sent him to Waynesboro, Pa. in the old Blue Ridge League. Soon Keane had worked himself up to the Springfield, Mo. team, then managed by Eddie Dyer. One day a sportswriter said to Dyer, "Eddie, why do you keep that little shrimp? You know he's too small to make it in the majors." Said Dyer: "That little shrimp is a student of baseball. He'll be with the Cardinal organization a long time."

Indeed, there was no reason to assume that Keane was not headed for a playing job with the Cardinals, his hitting was always around .300, and his fielding was superb. Once he went 55 games without an error. Seething inside, he made four errors in the 56th game ("and I really committed five, but they didn't charge me with the first one," Keane explains.)

In 1935, at the age of 23, he was enjoying a good season with the Houston Buffalos in the Texas League when the whole direction of his life was turned around again. Beaned by a hotheaded Galveston pitcher in retaliation for a game-winning home run in an earlier series, Keane went to the hospital with seven inches of fractured skull. He was unconscious for almost a week, his skin turned blood-red, and his temperature held at 105½. That was the end of the 1935 season for Keane, and in spring training the next year the Houston manager made him stay in the batting cage for 30 minutes while a very wild young pitcher on the roster worked him over. Keane didn't flinch, and he regained his old job as shortstop. But the next season the Cardinal organization decided that he was finished as a major league possibility. "I swear I didn't feel any different," Keane says. "I went up to the plate the same way and I swung the same. But apparently they noticed something that I didn't." What the Cardinals' brass had

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noticed was that Keane had a calm, forceful way with his fellow players: he was that great American cliché, the natural leader, and in 1938, at the age of 26, he was sent to manage the Albany, Ga. team in Class D. The team won two straight pennants under Playing Manager Keane, and from there he went on to other Cardinal farms like Rochester in the International League, Omaha in the Western League and Columbus in the American Association. Wherever he went, he was a success.

The minors in those days were not exactly the place where one would expect to find a young man who had spent six years in a seminary. Keane's quiet manner and limited use of colorful language marked him, to some of the less knowing, as a sort of Lord Fauntleroy, which he was not—a fact learned the hard way by one fan in New Iberia, La. "This guy was riding me all season long," Keane recalls, "and all I could do was take it, even though I couldn't understand it, because I was managing the New Iberia team and this guy was a home-town boy and we were winning the pennant. Well, I was never a good loser, and one day we lost a game, and as we were walking down the runway between the stands I saw him stick his head through the chicken wire and get ready to lace me some more. I never broke stride. I walked right past him and popped him as I went by. They got me out of bed at 2 in the morning and said there was a warrant out for my arrest for assault and battery. The heckler turned out to be the son of one of the leading citizens of New Iberia. So I went to see a white-haired old judge in the morning, and he said, 'Did you pop somebody last night?' I said, 'Yes, sir, I did.' He said, 'Was he heckling you pretty good?' I said, 'Yes, sir, he's been heckling me all season.' He said, 'Well, all right, your fine is $5 and we'll forget about it.'"

Even at his angriest, Keane found himself handicapped in any sort of argument because his opponents could use words he had never learned to use comfortably. Once Umpire "Frenchy" Arceneaux threw him out of a game in the Texas League after Keane had reached back for a little extra in the vituperation

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department. Skulking in the dugout, his limited supply of cuss words completely exhausted, Keane suddenly thought of a final, devastating riposte. "Arceneaux!" he shouted. "You know what you are, Arceneaux? You're just a mean man is what you are!" Having torn this passion to tatters, Keane jumped up and banged his head on the dugout roof and had to be helped off the premises. "Oh, I was a rowdy fella," he says now, laughing at himself.

In 11 of his 17 years as a minor league manager, Keane brought his teams to third-place finishes or higher and won five pennants, and even the myopic Cardinal front office had to begin considering him for the big job. After his Rochester team won the league championship in 1950, Keane underwent his first grisly experience as a managerial bridesmaid. Fred Saigh, then owner of the Cardinals, wired Keane to fly to St. Louis under an assumed name and check into the Chase Hotel, where a room would be reserved for him under the same name. Saigh let it be known that Eddie Dyer was going to be replaced and the job would be filled by Marty Marion, Mel Ott or Keane. Feeling like a philandering husband, Keane signed the Chase's register with the false name and gave his bags to a bellboy, who promptly said, "I hope you get the job, Johnny." For three days Keane sat by a silent phone, taking all his meals in the room. Then he went to the Cardinal office, where the rumor was rampant that he was in. "But something happened between 11 and noon," Keane says. "Later Mr. Saigh took me to lunch and told me he was giving the job to Marion. People told me later it was because I hadn't spoken up. But I didn't think it was my place to go up there and lobby for the job. That didn't seem to be the way to do it."

In 1952 Keane was bypassed again when Marion was fired and Eddie Stanky named manager. Three years later Keane was leading his Omaha team to a second-place finish when Stanky was kicked out and Harry Walker named in his place. All during these bridesmaid years Keane was laboring under the misapprehension that good, honest toil in the Cardinal vineyards would be reward-

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ed. Others were equally naive about Keane's chances. Once when the job fell open, the *Houston Press* quoted an unnamed Cardinal player as saying, "There will be a near rebellion of the players if Keane doesn't get it." Charles Johnson wrote in the *Minneapolis Star* in 1955: "Each time there is a vacancy at the main offices in St. Louis, Keane is passed by. What a sad commentary on the operations of major league baseball clubs."

Keane contented himself with a few mild off-the-record remarks to the effect that he had always felt managers could prove themselves in the minors and thus win jobs in the majors, an attitude that showed he might have known his catechism but he did not know his history, at least his St. Louis Cardinal history. In those years the Cards' front office was following the ancient precept that managers are gate attractions in themselves and therefore should be former stars from the majors. So Marion was followed by Stanky, and Stanky by Walker, and Walker by Fred Hutchinson, and Hutch by Stan Hack, and Hack by Solly Hemus, while Keane slowly was forced to the realization that his record as a successful Triple-A manager was good only for free admission to Busch Stadium. He fell to ruminating over a conversation he had had several years earlier with Frank Lane, who, as general manager of the Cardinals, had wanted Keane to come up to the parent club as a coach.

"I don't want to come up as coach," Keane had told the voluble Lane. "I want to come up as manager."

"What?" Lane had said. "Why, you're just as crazy as anybody I've ever met. The thing for you to do is come up here and let the major league people at least know who you are. *Nobody knows who you are!*"

In 1959 Keane belatedly took Lane's advice and joined the Cardinals as a coach, thus becoming, at least passively, a major leaguer. And when Solly Hemus was fired in 1961 Keane got the managing job with no further shilly-shallying.

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gets promoted to a big job, it usually is because he has been hanging around for 15 or 20 years and the boss is so embarrassed at having passed over him so often that he simply cannot bring himself to pass over the poor boob again. But the man with longevity in his favor often has little else to offer, and Johnny Keane quickly set out to prove that he was the exception. He looked over his raw material—the Cardinal roster—and his eyes became fixed, as anybody's would, on the name of Stan Musial. "Stan was on the bench," Keane says, "and as far as the Cardinals' organization was concerned, he was through as a player. He'd had it. I went over to him, and I said, 'Stan, I want you to play. What are you resting for? You haven't got far to go. Let's run the string out, but *let's run it out on the ball field.*' Stan Musial is the greatest guy in the world, and he reacted right away. He said, 'That's just exactly what I want to do, Johnny.' He played out a good season, and in 1962 he almost won the batting championship."

If you ask Stan Musial how he was able to squeeze those final three years out of his aging frame, Musial will answer unhesitatingly: "Johnny Keane." At a dinner in St. Louis in 1962, Musial said: "From the day he took over the Cardinals, Johnny Keane let me know that I was not only wanted but needed. He instilled enthusiasm and inspiration in me, and helped me find myself again."

For his own part, Keane yields to no man, woman or child in his wide-eyed awe of The Man. "One of the biggest honors and privileges of my life," Keane has said, "has been to put on a Cardinal uniform the same as Stan's, dress in the same clubhouse as Stan and be on the same field and club as Stan. Think of all the good words in the English language, and they all fit Stan." If it were up to Keane, Musial would still be playing for the Cardinals. Once a reporter asked Keane how long Musial would be able to hit major league pitching, and Keane answered: "Till he's 65."

With the left-field problem solved, Keane turned his attention to center, where a brooding Curt Flood was in and out of the lineup and unable to un-

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track his vast natural talents. Keane had managed Flood in the minors, and the day Keane took over the Cardinals he told his protege: "You're my center fielder." That solved the center-field problem, and it has remained solved ever since.

Now Keane examined the pitching roster. Two of the best pitchers in the league, Ernie Broglio and Larry Jackson, were in the bullpen, their arms and their spirits corroding, when Keane arbitrarily returned them to starting roles. "It was no great stroke of genius," Keane says. "Maybe they should have been in the bullpen. But the fact was that we couldn't win without them. I had to make them starters."

Broglio, with no special help from Keane, found himself quickly, but the rugged Jackson was another matter. He had been plagued by an inability to finish games, and the problem had become more mental than physical. Keane went to him, "and I told him he was going to start and he was going to finish. If he got in trouble out there, that was too bad; he was going to finish the game anyway. Well, we go out to San Francisco and I start him for the first time. He's getting bombed. His timing was off, and pretty soon they've got five runs off him, all earned. I said, 'He's staying in. We've got to get him over this hump.' He allowed two more runs, and at the end of the eighth inning he was walking to the dugout with Carl Sawatski, our catcher, and I overheard Jackson say, 'Now in the ninth, Carl, I want to stay with my fast ball. It's my best pitch today.' Here he's allowed seven runs and he's figuring on finishing the ball game! We scored two runs to go ahead 9–7, and Jackson went out there in the ninth and he breezed. That was the day Larry Jackson came back. Who did it? Larry Jackson did it." In his first dozen starts after Keane took over, Jackson finished eight games and won eight.

Keane made other moves, some of them more controversial. He banned poker. "I know it seems like a petty thing," he has explained since, "but it had gotten out of hand. As a coach, I had seen those games on the plane. There was never any silver on the table—just bills,

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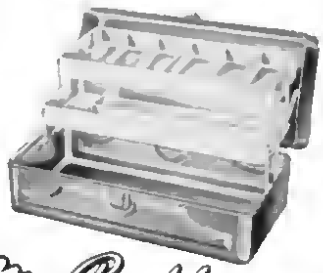

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piles of them. They'd raise on every card. There were a lot of young players in the game, and I knew they couldn't get off that plane after losing $200 and still keep up their morale. There was a lot of bitterness, and I just figured they should be bitter at the other ball clubs, not at each other. I felt like an old mother hen, but I knew what I was doing was right, so I told 'em no more poker. There was a little grumbling, mostly by a few players who were getting rich off the game, but they came around."

With equal dispatch Keane solved the problem of Mickey McDermott, a veteran pitcher who suffered from a chronic lack of a sense of time. Night after night McDermott would come in after the 2 a.m. curfew, and Solly Hemus, in his final week of managing the team, had slapped the wandering pitcher with a $500 fine. On his own third night as Cardinal manager, Keane noted that McDermott was still on the town after the curfew, whereupon he fired him on the spot. "He's off the payroll and club for good," the new manager announced. "He has turned in his uniform and been given transportation to his home in Miami Beach, and [General Manager] Bing Devine will dispose of his contract." Later Keane explained his apparently peremptory action. "I made it plain when I talked to the players in my first clubhouse meeting in Los Angeles that I would enforce the rules, and I used the threat of public disclosure to help discourage any violations. We've got a young team—a bunch of fine, clean-cut kids—and I'll not have them either exposed unfairly to temptation or get the idea early that rules are meant to be flouted. Mickey has had a lot of chances in his career, and the Cardinals gave him one this year. I'm sorry he didn't take it."

Keane has had no trouble with curfew violators since the McDermott affair, nor does he harbor any ill will toward the playful pitcher. "I have a friendly feeling for that big guy," Keane said recently. "There's nothing vicious or bad about him. He's just a big guy who doesn't care about time, and that's the way it is with him. But he's a perfectly decent human being."

It is characteristic of Keane, and per-

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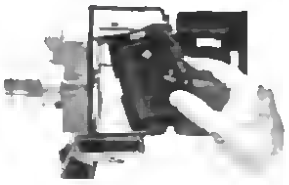

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haps dates to his religious training, that he finds it all but impossible to remain annoyed with anyone, and vice versa. In spring training last year Keane and Special Consultant Branch Rickey had a loud brouhaha about the ability of Jim Harris, a rookie infielder. Keane holed up in the clubhouse and refused to discuss the incident, and Rickey stomped out to his car in a huff. Not long afterward, while sportswriters were still analyzing the irreconcilable differences between the two men, Rickey announced, "If the direction is maintained [i.e., if Keane remains manager], this club is a pennant winner. . . . His judgment and handling of pitchers both on and off the field deserve great credit." Scratch one feud.

Keane engaged in another public skirmish with Don Drysdale, after the big Los Angeles pitcher slid into frail Second Baseman Julian Javier and almost broke the Dominican in half, and then compounded the felony by winging a couple of supersonic fast balls in the general vicinity of the Cardinal hitters' solar plexuses. Certain cruel observers went so far as to accuse Keane of ordering his pitchers to retaliate, whereupon Drysdale, nobody's Aunt Lily, said, "If Keane wants to retaliate, I'll be around all season." Drysdale said he hadn't thrown at anybody, and Keane said that Drysdale was a liar—and the funny thing about it was that inwardly Keane was admiring Drysdale with all the enthusiasm of a knotholer for his hero. "Why, he only did exactly what I would have wanted my own players to do," Keane now confesses. "He was really hustling."

For much the same reason Keane maintains a deep respect for Bob Shaw, the San Francisco pitcher. "A few years ago," Keane says, "Shaw drilled one of my players. Bob Gibson was pitching for us, and he just waited for Shaw to come to bat. Boy, Gibson really drilled him! He bored a hole right below Shaw's ribs; it must have gone in three inches. Shaw knew it was coming, and he knew why it was coming. He didn't look at Gibson, he just went right down to first base. That's my idea of a real pro."

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Keane was even able to salvage some positive values from the worst crisis of his Cardinal career: the celebrated set-to with Ray Sadecki. The young Cardinal left-hander faced five batters in a lethargic relief role; he allowed a single and two home runs, and put the other two men on base with his own errors. All five runners scored, and Keane was enraged. Consistent with his inviolable rule that no player may be criticized in front of the others, Keane invited Sadecki to his office after the game "I told him it was one of the poorest performances and efforts I had ever seen on the diamond," Keane says, "and it was. He didn't agree. I fined him $250, and he said he wanted to be traded; he said he couldn't pitch for a manager who questioned his effort. He didn't budge an inch, and he hasn't to this day. Well, that's exactly what he should have done, if he really felt that he had put out his best effort. I still think I was right, but that's not important. He still thinks he was right That kid's a fighter. He's the kind of ballplayer I want on my team. I wouldn't want any other kind."

Despite a rare flare-up of the Sadecki or McDermott variety, Keane remains convinced that a manager's main job is to keep his ballplayers happy, to suppress his own emotional needs and angers, and to bark and boss as little as possible. "My theory is to harness the man's own intelligence and keep him feeling like a human being, someone who is wanted, someone who is part of the team," he says. "The biggest job in managing is off the field, not on. Too much dissenston comes from bawling players out in public. They'll pout for three or four days, and you don't get any effort out of them And that's what a manager is there for to get the full effort, whatever road you have to take, whatever the cost to your own feelings. We're not in this job to satisfy our own needs. If we're mad, we just have to swallow it. We've got to take it and go on in and forget it."

Keane is a past master at holding in his own furies. He simply waits till the team is fast asleep and then goes out for long, ventilating walks. He has been following this practice for years. Allen

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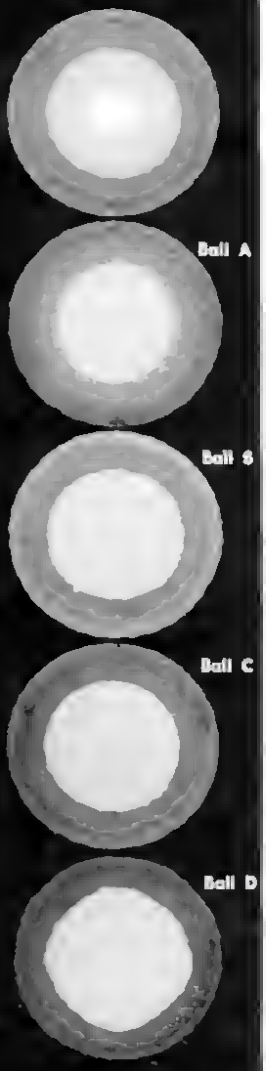

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Russell, who was president of the old Houston Buffalos, remembers getting a phone call from Keane at 3 one morning after the team had blown a game in San Antonio. "He says, 'Allen, you want to take a walk?' We walked all over San Antonio. When the sun came up, I said, 'Johnny, people'll think we're nuts.' He'd have walked all day!"

Perhaps because of those long, frustrating years in the boondocks, Keane venerates major leaguers, especially those he is supervising himself. "Ballplayers nowadays are in better shape than they ever were," he says. "They have to be. The competition is tougher, the travel is murder, the schedule is longer. The players of today are the best in history. You don't have to run their lives. If they don't take care of themselves they just naturally lose out, and that's the worst punishment. If they drank and caroused the way some of the old ballplayers did, they wouldn't last a week in the majors. You can't be a stumbling drunk and play at this level. It used to be you could."

Not surprisingly, one of Keane's favorite people is Walter Alston, who shares many of Keane's attitudes and characteristics. The two played together on the Houston team in 1937. Both are strong and quiet, and their conversations, though tinged with respect for each other, are sparser than Keane would like them to be. "I can sit down and talk to Walter in the dugout," says Keane, as though annoyed at the fact that they now find themselves vigorous competitors, "but he'll never talk without an invitation. I stop him coming through our dugout and I sit him down and make him talk to me. I admire Walter very much."

Like Alston, Keane has an almost mystical capacity for arousing rapport. "Now Johnny's on top," says an old friend from minor league days, "but I still feel a sympathy for him. Any group of people that wants him, he'll show up like a puppy dog, and he'll make a simple little speech, maybe throwing in a few references to Stan Musial, because it's just about impossible for him to talk

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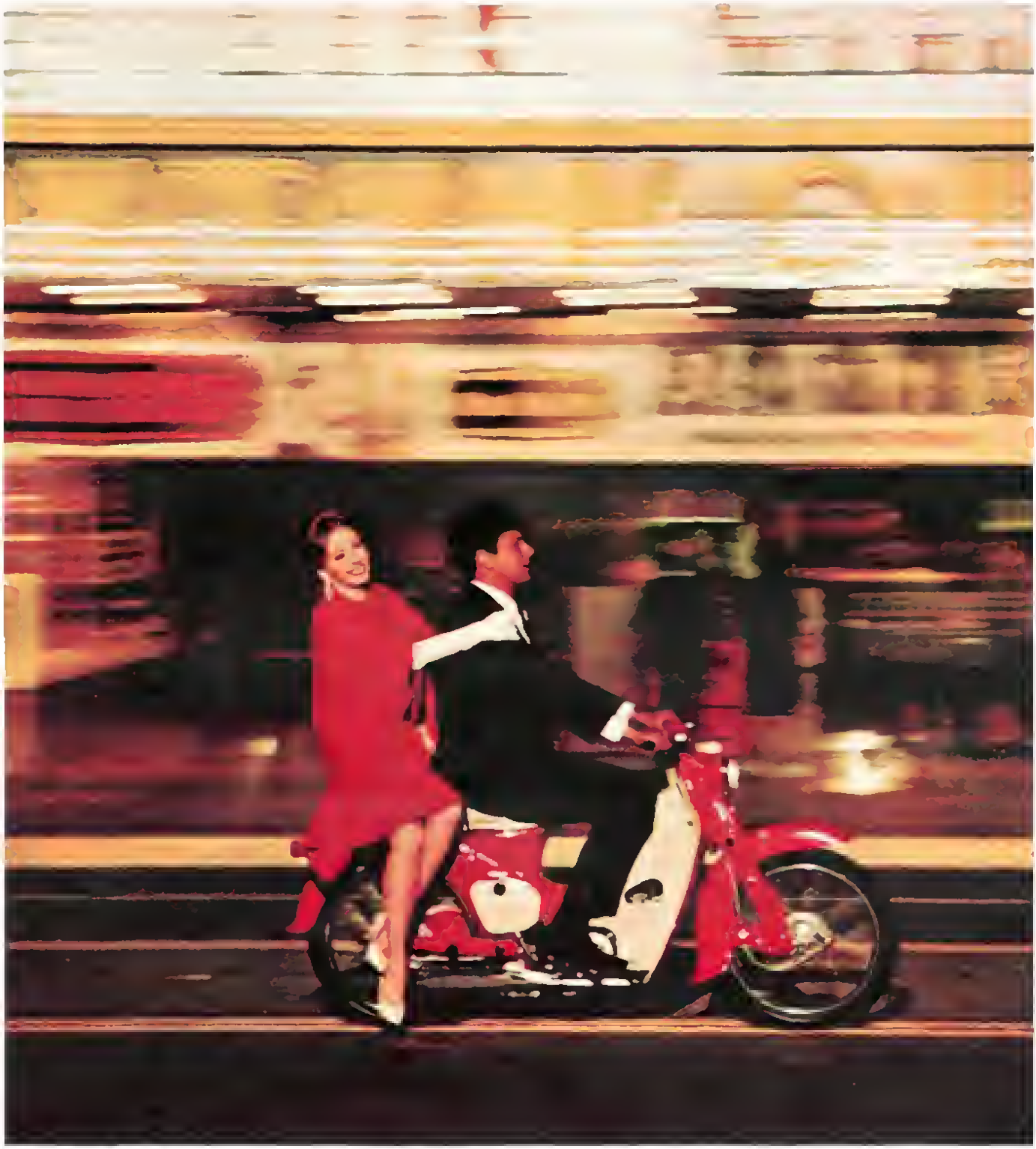
without mentioning Musial, and he'll sit down with that wide-eyed look of his, and you'll feel a kind of sympathy for him welling up inside you, and you'll say to yourself, 'What the hell am I feeling this way for?' I don't know. Maybe it's that beaning he got, or the run-around he had to put up with for so many years before he got the job. Or maybe it's just because he's one sweet little human being in a day when there aren't many like him."

Whatever the reason, Keane affects almost everyone in the same way, and nowhere more than in his adopted home town of Houston. Guy Savage, an old pro broadcaster, had to cut short his laudatory introduction of Keane at a recent dinner because he felt an urge to burst into tears. Typically, Keane was there to receive an award for "outstanding service to kid baseball." A few nights later he received his Manager of the Year award at a bigger dinner in Houston, and in about a hundred well-chosen words thanked the St. Louis Cardinals and Stan Musial in approximately equal measure.

There is a shortcut to understanding Johnny Keane, and that is to ignore the dinners and ball games and rhubarbs and public pronouncements and simply watch him with his dog. Pierre is an 8-year-old poodle whose favorite activity is to jump into bed with Keane, snuggle up as close as he can get and fall fast asleep, all four feet pointing at the ceiling. His second favorite activity is chewing up the toys of Keane's two grandsons. When Keane sees Pierre gnawing away, he'll say, "Hey, what's going on there?" and take the toy from the dog. Minutes later, Pierre goes to work on another plastic toy. "You stop that!" Keane says, and now he sounds angry. Pierre keeps right on chewing, and Keane picks up the wreckage. Now Pierre heads for a pitcher of cream on the coffee table, and Keane says, "All right, now you're gonna behave yourself!" He rushes over to the table, gives Pierre a menacing look and removes the pitcher to a higher table, while the dog begins to search for another plastic toy.

Pierre the poodle knows what kind of a guy Johnny Keane is. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON—The Danes dominated the All-England championships at Wembley Stadium near London but England's JUDY DEVLIN HASHMAN surmounted Baltimore's Joan the women's title for the fifth straight year by defeating Ursula Smith of England 11-10, 11-1 in the finals. In the men's singles, Defending Champion Erland Kops of Denmark was eliminated in the quarter-finals by Lee Kim Tar of Malaya and another Dane, KNUD AAGE NIELSEN, went on to take the title 8-15, 15-14, 15-4 from fellow countryman Henning Borch. FINN KOBBERØ and JØRGEN HAMMERGAARD-HANSEN of Denmark overpowered Kops and Poul Erik Nielsen 15-6, 15-1 in the men's doubles, while a pair of Danish sisters, ULLA RASMUSSEN and KARIN JØRGENSEN, edged Mrs. Hachman and her sister, Susan Devlin Peard, 15-11, 6-15, 15-10 for the women's doubles championship.

BASKETBALL—The Eastern Division final playoffs were almost a joke as BOSTON Celtics rolled over Cincinnati and in six days established a nearly insurmountable 3-0 lead in a best-of-seven series. Bill Russell grabbed an average of 29 rebounds a game as the NBA Defending Champion Celtics held the Royals to an average of fewer than 90 points a game. Led by Sam Jones's 27 points, the Celtics took the first game 103-87, holding the Royals' Oscar Robertson to a mere 20 points (none in the first 11 minutes). Tom Heinsohn headed the second rout (101-90) with 31 points, and in the third victory (102-92) six Celtics went over 10 points apiece (Bill Russell was highest with 25). The Royals' biggest problem was Jerry Lucas's injury. He made only 14 points and 14 rebounds in the first two games. The Western Division situation was less serene. ST. LOUIS and San Francisco exchanged wins, and then the Hawks won another to finish the week with a 2-1 margin. (St. Louis had made the finals by licking the Lakers 3-2 in the semifinals.) The deciding game was an easy 121-108 victory for the Hawks in which Len Wilkens threw in a professional career high of 38 points. In the first game (against San Francisco) the Hawks, led by Richie Guerin's 32 points, came from behind in the second half to edge the Warriors 116-111. Two nights later the Warriors scored at least 15 points, and the Hawks were humiliated 120-85, but they came back in the third game with another close victory, 113-109, to take the series lead.

BOXING—Top-ranked Welterweight LUIS RODRIGUEZ of Miami relied on his left hooks and jabs to gain a 10-round unanimous decision over Middleweight Jesse Smith in Miami Beach.

GOLF—1963 National Open Champion JULIUS BOROS, 44, who in 15 years had never won a tournament before the month of May, edged Doug Sanders after they had tied at 277 on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the $45,000 Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open.

HOCKEY—After five games in each of the best-of-seven Stanley Cup semifinals MONTREAL and CHICAGO held identical 3-2 leads over Toronto and Detroit. In their first game of the week the Canadiens came from behind on goals by J. C. Tremblay and Henri Richard in the final 2½ minutes of play to defeat the Maple Leafs 3-2, but two nights later the Leafs, led by Frank Mahovlich's two goals and three assists, evened the series at 2-2 with a 5-3 victory. Montreal's high-scoring center, Jean Beliveau, was injured in that game, but the Canadiens, despite Beliveau's absence, defeated the Leafs 4-2 at the Montreal Forum. Detroit Goalie Terry Sawchuk, who suffered a pinched shoulder nerve last week, charged from the hospital to shut out the Black Hawks 3-0 with 26 saves, giving the Red Wings two wins in a row and a temporary 2-1 series lead. The next game was tied up 2-2 at the end of regulation play, but the Black Hawks murdered the Red Wings in sudden-death overtime on a goal by Murray Balfour, who had hobbled off the injured list just for the playoffs. Then the Black Hawks took their second straight, whipping the Wings 3-2 on Stan Mikita's 25-foot slap shot with less than four minutes remaining to gain the series lead.

HORSE RACING—To no one's surprise NORTHERN DANCER ($2.60), with Willie Shoemaker as partner, bested a field of eight 3-year-olds to win the $116,500 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park (see *page 24*).

To almost everyone's surprise MR. MOONLIGHT ($35.80), owned by Mrs. Magruder Dent and ridden by Jimmy Combest, moved up from fourth in the stretch to close out Traffic for the $58,300 Gotham Stakes for 3-year-olds at Aqueduct. Mr. Brick, the favorite, finished [illegible] a length back in the [illegible].

In a one-mile allowance race for seven-year-olds at Aqueduct Bill Hartack rode Rikell, a stable-mate of QUADRANGLE ($4) to victory by a neck over William Haggin Perry's Knightly Manner.

MOTOR SPORTS—FRED LORENZEN of Lithonia, Ill., drove his 1964 Ford a record average 114.25 mph to gain his third successive victory in NASCAR's Atlanta 500-mile race (see *page 26*).

The American Ford's concerns, the British FORD CORTINAS placed first and third in like the manufacturers' team title in the four-day East African Safari for production cars around Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. Peter Hughes and Willy Young of Kenya drove the winning car, while Sweden's Erik Carlsson and Lars Stab 9th placed second in the overall standings. Of the five U.S. Ford Lincoln Comets that entered the rally, only two managed to finish. They placed 15th and 21st (last).

SWIMMING—Tom Stolz, Clara Cahill, schoolboys each set two American records, and RODY SAARI swimmed to a fifth in the AAU Men's Indoor Championships at Bartlesville, Okla. The marks fell when freestyler DON SCHOLANDER, 17, took the 200 yards (1:42.61) and 500 yards (4:44.51) while his teammate DICK ROTH, 16, swept both the 200-yard individual medley (2:58.21) and the 400-yard individual medley (4:13.21). Stolz returned his 1:50.1 and freestyle title in a record 16:49.3, and his school, USC, won the team championship with an overwhelming 83 points over runner-up Yale (17) and third-place Indiana (41).

TENNIS—PRINCETON upset Miami 5-4 to break the Florida school's seven-year 117-game winning streak, the longest in U.S. collegiate history. Princeton's Hardy Fitzgibbon, Keith Jennings, Ham Morrill and Lee Rauch each took singles match, then Jennings and Rauch teamed up to defeat Miami's George Shuert and Richard Blair 6-4, 6-2 in the deciding doubles match.

TRACK & FIELD—In a Tempe, Ariz. dual meet between Arizona State and the Southern California Striders, HENRY CARR of Arizona State unofficially bettered his 1:50 record for the mile (listed world record in the 220-yard dash) minus 1 second when he won the event in 20:2, and Stanford High Jumper CHARLIE DUMAS, 27, Olympic gold medal winner in 1956 who had not competed since he failed to make the 1960 team, cleared an impressive 7 feet 3⅛ inch. In Los Angeles at another dual meet USC decathlon student DALLAS LONG broke his world shot-put record with a heave of 65 feet 11½ inches—one inch better than the mark he set in 1962—and at the Texas Relays in Austin another shot putter with his mind on the Tokyo Olympics, Texas A&M freshman RANDY MATSON, 18, hoisted the shot 62 feet 11½ inches to take his event.

MILEPOSTS—TRADED: The Philadelphia Eagles' Quarterback SONNY JURGENSEN, 29, and Defensive Halfback Jimmy Carr, 30, for their counterparts in the Washington Redskins, Quarterback NORM SNEAD, 24, and Defensive Halfback Claude Crabb, 23. In seven seasons (three as a starter) with the Eagles, Jurgensen completed 602 of 1,107 passes for 9,639 yards and 76 touchdowns, while Snead completed 531 of 1,092 for 8,306 yards and 46 TDs in three years with the Redskins. "It wasn't any gamble," said the new Philadelphia coach, Joe Kuharich. "I think it was horse for horse. We got smith for [illegible]."

RETIRED: Penn State Wrestling Coach CHARLIE SPEIDEL, 65, who led his teams to a 191-46-13 record in his 38 years with the university and is the only eastern coach ever to win the NCAA championships (1953). His successor is Bill Koll of the State University of Iowa.

DIED: Former Argentine Heavyweight Champion ALEJANDRO LAVORANTE, 27, who never recovered from brain damage received in a knockout by Heavyweight Johnny Riggins in Los Angeles on Sept. 21, 1962—in Mendoza, Argentina. Earlier in 1962 he had been knocked out in fights with Archie Moore (March 30) and Cassius Clay (July 20).

DIED: Sportswriter JIM HURLEY, 71, longtime outdoors editor and columnist for the late *New York Daily Mirror*, and since last October for the *Journal-American*, in a Bronx, N.Y., hospital.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—[illegible] 24, 25 [illegible] 27 [illegible] 29—[illegible] 30, 31 [illegible] 40 [illegible] 41 [illegible] 51 [illegible] 53, 58 [illegible] 61—[illegible] 68 [illegible] 71 [illegible] 72—[illegible] 74—[illegible] 79, 87 [illegible] 95—[illegible] 103 [illegible] 104, 105 [illegible] 106, 107 [illegible] 108 [illegible] 133 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

DANNY BOLDUC, 10, a center on the Waterville, Me. All-Star Pee Wee hockey team, made seven big goals in three games at the national championships in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. and was named the tournament's most valuable player despite his team's third-place finish.

TOM SAUNDERS, 17, a senior wrestler on the Upper Arlington High School team in Columbus, Ohio, topped off an unbeaten 29-0 season with four straight victories in the state tournament (including a defeat of the 1963 champion) for the Ohio 154-pound title.

BILL MAINS, 20, a sailor and student at St. Johns River Junior College in Palatka, Fla., took four firsts in the tech dinghy class competition at the Intercollegiate International Regatta in St. Petersburg, Fla. to win the series' individual high-point award.

SUZANNE VENNING, 18, who won both the Charleston, S.C. city girls' and women's tennis titles for the second time last summer, changed courts and led St. Andrew's High girls' basketball team to a 17-game undefeated season with an average of 10 points a game.

MICHAEL SANTISTEVAN, 14, a Taos, N. Mex. skier who also likes to hunt and fish and play team sports, won the junior boys' title and was runner-up overall in a ski marathon with 50 runs down a 1,620-foot course—a total of 15 miles—in just seven hours.

TOMMY SIMPSON, 26, an Englishman who gave up an engineering career to pursue pro bicycling on the Continent and in 1962 was the first Briton ever to become overall leader in the Tour de France, placed first in London's Southern Counties Professional Omnium.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ALL WRONG, ALREADY

Sirs:

Earnshaw Cook is entitled to his opinion (*Baseball Is Played All Wrong*, March 23), but anybody who thought the Yankees could have beat the Dodgers last fall had better get his adding machine checked. The Dodgers, Giants and Cards all could have beaten the Yankees in the last World Series. That's obvious! And anybody who thinks that the Dodgers would have finished fourth in the garbage league (AL) had better hire a bodyguard if he ever ventures into Dodgerland. You can't codify the game of baseball as coldly as he does.

HOWARD MCGUIRE

North Kamloops, B.C.

Sirs:

Let's say that I'm Alvin Dark and I'm going to manage the Giants using Cook's ideas. I lead off Mays, of course, because his scoring index is highest. McCovey bats second and Cepeda is third. Now every time McCovey gets on we are going to hit and run as per instructions. Naturally, we will disregard the fact that Cepeda misses a rather large percentage of the pitches at which he swings and this will probably cause McCovey to be thrown out stealing around 75 times this season and me to have to pay to see the Giants after about April 20. And we will rotate our pitchers. So what if Marichal is breezing with a shutout after three innings? The 1963 season proved we have a number of bullpen artists who can clear up that situation quicker than you can say "Bye bye baby." So we'll bring in Pregenzer or Stanek or some other of our flamethrowers.

We won't sacrifice, we'll steal and hit-and-run like crazy, I repeat—like crazy. We will also stay pretty well back in the shadows of the dugout so as not to present the best target for snipers.

With all the right formulas, statistics and indexes at the ready, we will send our heroes into the breach. But that dark-looking fellow waiting for us out there on the mound is Sandy Koufax and now, Mr. Cook, what are we going to do?

ROBERT H. BESTOR JR.

Seattle

● Wait three innings, Mr. Dark, they'll rotate Koufax right out again.—ED

Sirs:

One of the best articles I have read on baseball in a long time, but I must disagree with Cook's idea of platooning pitchers. If he had his way games might be faster but I doubt if they would be more interesting.

ED GAFFNEY

Sprague, Wash.

Sirs:

Baseball would come alive once more under Mr. Cook's scientific system. Let the Mets be the first experimental team. The clowns of baseball may become the world champions.

BOB DAVIES

Tempe, Ariz.

BOSTON TO MONTREAL

Sirs:

Being a hockey stalwart, I enjoyed your article *The Champions Who Had No Chance* (March 30). Even though I'm a Boston fan, Montreal players like Beliveau, Geoffrion and young Charlie Hodge get and deserve all my praise. But it is too bad when a player like Terry Harper is classed with them. "A rawboned rookie who doesn't like to hurt people," you say? The only person he doesn't like to hurt is himself. Harper must be the fastest 197-pounder on skates when trouble is approaching.

RICHARD GUERRIERO

North Quincy, Mass.

NONCANADIANS

Sirs:

Boston College Hockey Coach Snooks Kelley has done a fine job (SCORECARD, March 23).

However, we here in Minnesota are proud of the contributions this state has made to hockey. This would not be possible without topflight hockey being played in many high schools here. The University of Minnesota, for example, does a more than commendable job competing in the tough Western Collegiate Hockey Association, which includes Denver and North Dakota, among others. The latter teams have been composed essentially of Canadians who not only are more experienced but, generally, a year or two older. It would be very simple for John Mariucci, Minnesota coach, to load up with Canadians to make it easier for his team to compete in this "Canadian League," but, like Kelley, he has maintained an "Americans first" policy. To carry this argument one step further, how many players on the last two American Olympic teams were from Minnesota? About 4/5 of them, including Jack McCartan of the victorious 1960 U.S. Olympic team. And many of them got their training at the University of Minnesota under John Mariucci.

CLIFFORD M. PHIBBS JR., M.D.

Minneapolis

PIT VIPERS

Sirs:

Congratulations to Hugh Whall and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for providing *It Was Snakebite Day at Sebring* (March 30), because it sure was a snakebite to the Ferraris. As proved at Daytona and at Sebring, the Ford-engined Cobras are on the upswing and will overtake the Ferraris in the near future. Not one Cobra dropped out of the Sebring race because of mechanical troubles. This fact alone proves that the Cobras are becoming capable and have stamina that is equal to if not greater than that of the Ferraris.

JOHN ROGERS

Southington, Conn.

INTO THE POOL

Sirs:

Your article on James Counsilman (*A Doctor Who Makes Agony and Fun Pay Off*, March 23) was well done. As a member of the American Swimming Coaches Association (of which Dr. Counsilman is president), I would like to see more such articles. Some 100,000 AAU Age Group swimmers, and thousands of high school and college swimmers, their families and coaches, make a big audience.

H. C. ALLEN

Fort Bragg, N.C.

Sirs:

Dr. Counsilman has given swimming a tremendous lift at Indiana University. It is too bad that he has had to suffer because of poor football policies at his school. My hat is off to a man who never gives up.

BOB BLUME

Greenville, Ill.

Sirs:

We at Pine Crest School, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. read with interest your justly deserved praise for Peekskill Military Academy's swimming team (SCORECARD, March 16). Since you pointed out that Peekskill has not lost to prep-school opposition in the last two years, it is likely that their last such loss was to the Pine Crest boys' team in the 1962 Eastern Interscholastics. That year Pine Crest had eight prep-school All-Americas and was recognized as the top prep-school team in the nation.

Also, our girls' swimming team recently won 109 consecutive dual meets and seven straight class A state championships in a period of seven years. Nationally-known girl swimmers whom we have had at least a share in developing include Joel Lenzi, Sharon Finneran, Mary Burbach and Pam Swart.

Your recognition of this area of athletic achievement will stimulate the desire for self-improvement not only of our swimmers but probably of those in many prep schools throughout the country.

MAE MCMILLAN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

continued

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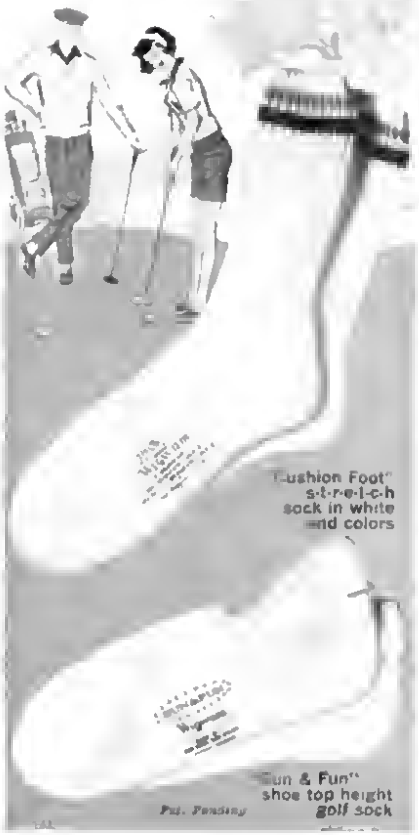

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HOME SWEET HOME

Sirs:

John Underwood says Kansas City is unequipped for too much excitement. After three years of Charlie Finley, maybe we're out of the hormones that can produce excitement. But what other cities of under 500,000 can profitably support a major league baseball team, a professional football team, furnish great hordes of fans to the universities of Missouri and Kansas, support the NAIA Champs (Rockhurst) and fill the auditorium to overflowing for teams from 1,500 miles away?

ED BARNES

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

We in the Kansas City area will welcome the NCAA finals again but not John.

DON PARKER

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

The letter from Mr. A. R. Shuman (19th Hole, March 30) advocating the playing of NCAA basketball regionals at a neutral site has some surface merit, but the won-lost record for this year does not seem to bear him out for the home-team advantage theory. Seattle defeated Oregon State in Eugene, Kansas State defeated Wichita in Wichita and then finished last in the finals in nearby Kansas City and Connecticut won the game he mentioned in Philadelphia. Moreover, teams which won, such as Loyola over Murray State in Evanston and Duke over the others in Raleigh, would likely have won over those teams wherever the game had been played. I believe that at the top level of competition the home-court advantage is not too significant.

E. MERVIN ALTMAN

Pensacola, Fla.

SOFT SPOT

Sirs:

Being a stalwart Eagle fan I was both shocked and angered to find out about the trading of Tommy McDonald to the Dallas Cowboys (SCORECARD, March 30). This guy has to be one of the greatest flankers in NFL history (*Football's Best Hands*, Oct. 8, 1962). It doesn't make much sense to trade away your bread and butter for a bunch of stale crackers (Lynn Hoyem, John Meyers, Sam Baker), especially when you are at the bottom of the heap in the won-and-lost column.

Sam Baker has almost reached the end of the road as far as his playing days go, and as for Hoyem and Meyers, not much is really known. I'm sure Tommy will knock 'em dead in his new home town, and I hope when he comes back to Philly to play the Eagles he'll catch about five TD passes.

BUCK BARCUS

Philadelphia

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Home on the Range or the Greens

George Archer is a rookie golfer who—for press purposes—likes to be called the Golfing Cowboy

by MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

George Archer has begun to believe his own publicity. The towering Californian has been described as the most promising rookie golfer on this year's pro tour, but that is not the part that George has begun to believe. It's the part about his being a cowboy.

"If the golf doesn't work out," he decided the other day, biting down on an imaginary toothpick, "I can always go back to punching cows."

Now, this tends to give the impression that Archer has ridden his share of salt-grass trails. This is not quite so. He has been a professional golfer since January and was a ranch hand for just eight months before that. Still, it is a rather entertaining combination, something on the order of a milkman turning sports car racer. And naturally it fascinates sportswriters.

Few outside of California knew much about Archer until last September, when he reached the semifinals of the national amateur tournament at Des Moines. There a reporter routinely asked him what he did for a living.

"I work on a ranch in Gilroy, Calif.," he answered.

"You mean, you're a cowboy?"

"Yup," said George, or words to that effect.

In the days that followed his friends in San Francisco were slightly amazed, and amused to read about George Archer, the Gilroy Rancher, the California Cowpoke, the Gilroy Plowboy.

His extreme height (6 feet 6 inches) and a legend he did not solicit have combined to make him easily the best known of this year's crop of fine young golfers.

George would, of course, stand tall in the saddle, except that his duties at the Lucky Hereford Ranch do not include

continued

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P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a gala dessert, try Rum Cherries Jubilee: drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save ¼ cup syrup, combine with ½ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Leroux Curaçao. Marinate cherries 3 hrs. Make 1 tsp. cornstarch paste using syrup, add to fruit. Boil, simmer 1 min. Lower rum-filled ladle into hot syrup, ignite. Let flame die, serve over vanilla ice cream. What a treat!

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horseback riding. "It's a breeding ranch," he explains. "Mostly we just move cattle from pen to pen. I painted fences—we have 5,000 acres of white wooden fences—sprayed for flies, emptied the water trough and cleaned out the stables. I mean, I worked at it. I didn't start at the top."

Gilroy, a lovely little town with gently rolling hills, is in the cattle-and-onion belt below San Francisco. Archer joined the local cowboy population at the invitation of Eugene Selvage, who owns the ranch and who now sponsors him on the tour. Selvage is one of San Francisco's foremost golf patrons, a former president and board chairman of the Lucky Lager Brewing Company and one of the founders of the Lucky International tournament.

A comic air

The job enabled Archer to support himself and his expectant young wife while he refined his golf game for a charge at the pros. "There's a nine-hole course right next to the ranch," he says, "just over the hill. I'd get through with my chores around 2 or 3 and go over and play it through twice. I finally got my score down to 63. It's a cute little course."

Archer has a high voice and a pleasant, detached manner. But at 24, he is still somewhat gawky and unschooled, with a slightly comic air about him.

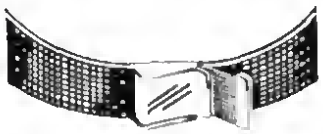
He has several habits that others might consider strange. He carries planks around in the back of his '64 Catalina station wagon, to place under his mattress at night on the road. He simply cannot abide a soft bed. Sometimes he reinforces the boards with scrapbooks and photo albums.

To keep his strength up he guzzles two quarts of milk a day, has steak and beans every night of a tournament and is addicted to health foods. "His middle name is William," says his wife, Donna, "and my folks call him Wee Willie Wheat Germ. He doesn't drink or smoke—it's bad for his golf—and he's a great one for going to bed at 8 o'clock during a tournament."

Doc Giffin, the press chief for the PGA, cannot recall a better class of rookies than the current one, which includes Archer, Chuck Courtney, Dick Crawford, Charles Coody and Dudley Wysong. Archer, says Giffin, looks like the pick of the litter.

continued

SEAT BELTS



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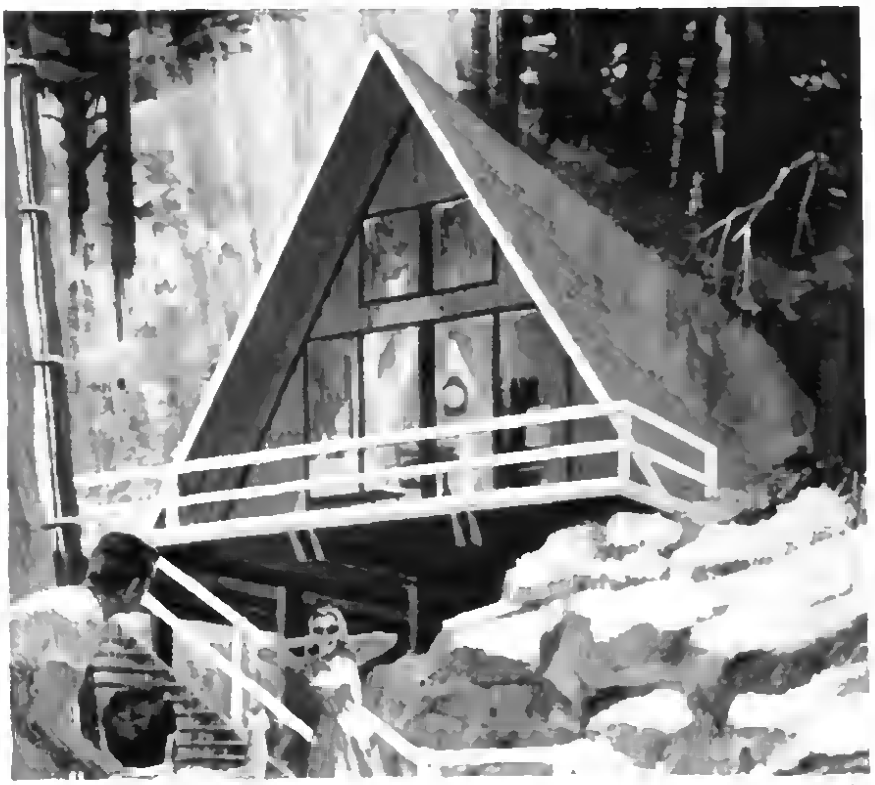

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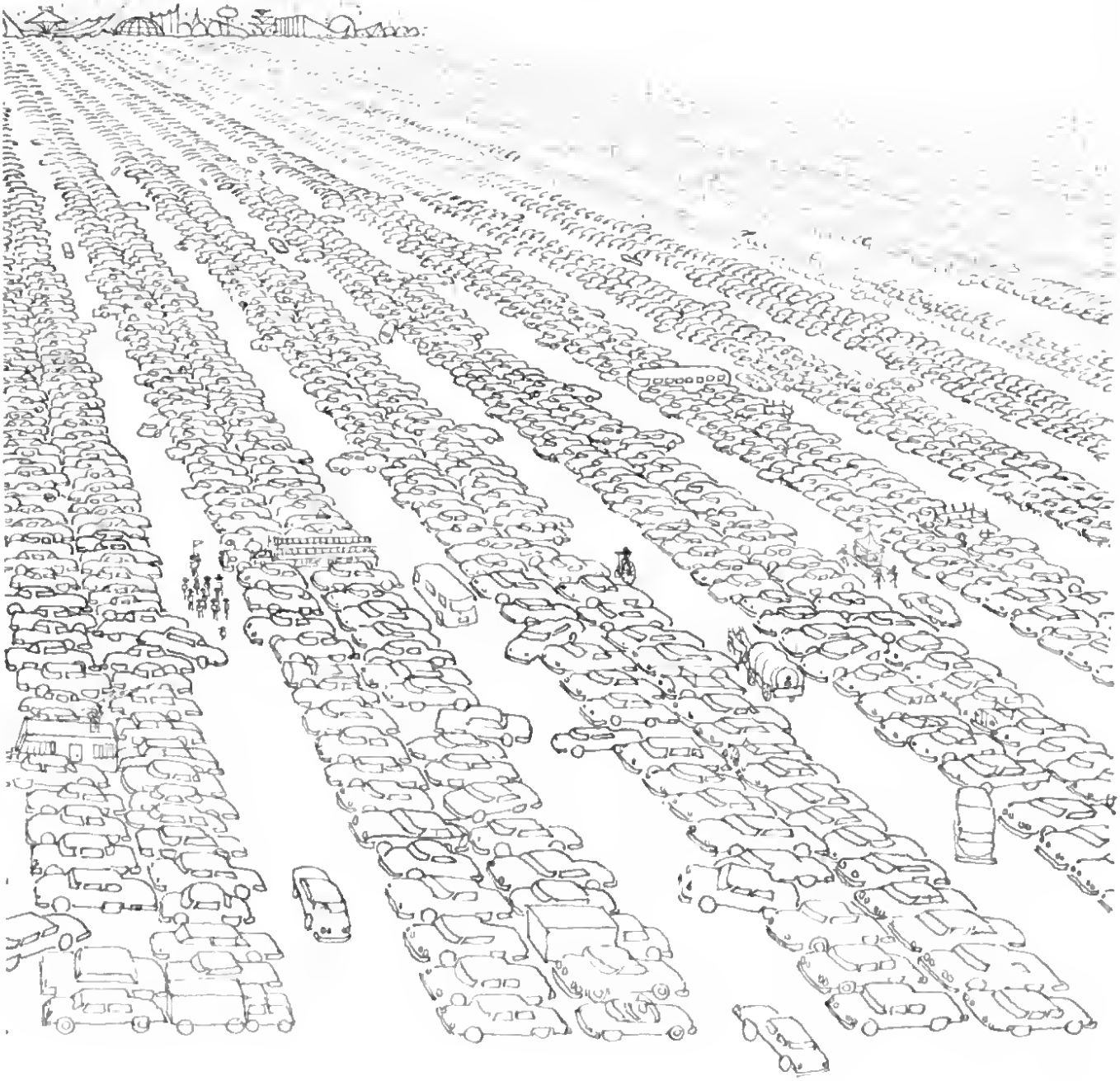

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Golfing Cowboy *continued*

George finished in the money in four of his first seven tournaments. He placed fourth at San Diego and ran his money earnings up to $3,362. At that rate, he will be playing golf long after the cows come home.

Up to now only one serious flaw has been exposed in Archer's game, and it may be mostly mental. He tends to play raggedly when the wind blows hard, and he blames it on his beanpole frame. "I hook everything I hit," he says, "and when the weather is bad the wind gets me in trouble. Also, I can't putt as well. I seem to sway."

The wind blew at better than 20 mph in New Orleans, and Archer shot a 75–79 and failed to make the cut. Yet the wind was just as blustery at Tucson when George shot a first-round 68, and he laughed it off. Surprisingly, Archer's strength is his short game. You look at his height and expect him to murder the ball. Instead he displays a fine, delicate touch on the greens.

George was born in San Francisco, a spawning ground for such golfers as Harvie Ward, Bob Rosburg and Ken Venturi. At 10 he caddied for Harvie and a local pro named Bud Ward (no relation) at the Peninsula Golf and Country Club in San Mateo. From then on golf was all Archer thought about except for Donna Garman, a 5-foot-2 young woman with reddish-brown hair. Her father, Don Garman, though himself a good club golfer, did not quite approve of George's indifference to steady work.

"In those days I'd work six months, save my money and then play golf for six months. Mr. Garman said he didn't like the idea of his daughter marrying a golf bum. He said I needed to have some responsibility. So I got a job as a gardener at the Richmond Golf and Country Club."

Not long after the marriage, with Army service apparently beckoning, George quit his job. He would turn pro, but first he would spend his remaining civilian days improving his game and rounding it off. Donna agreed and offered to find a job. "She worked as a bookkeeper for a year to support us," he says.

Some time after George came out of the Army, Donna became pregnant with Elizabeth, now 5 months old and on her first pro tour. At this point Eugene Selvage entered the picture, and George became the Golfing Cowboy. **END**

Pampering a vintage pumper—photo by Mark Shaw

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